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Cover Design by Carl Link

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor

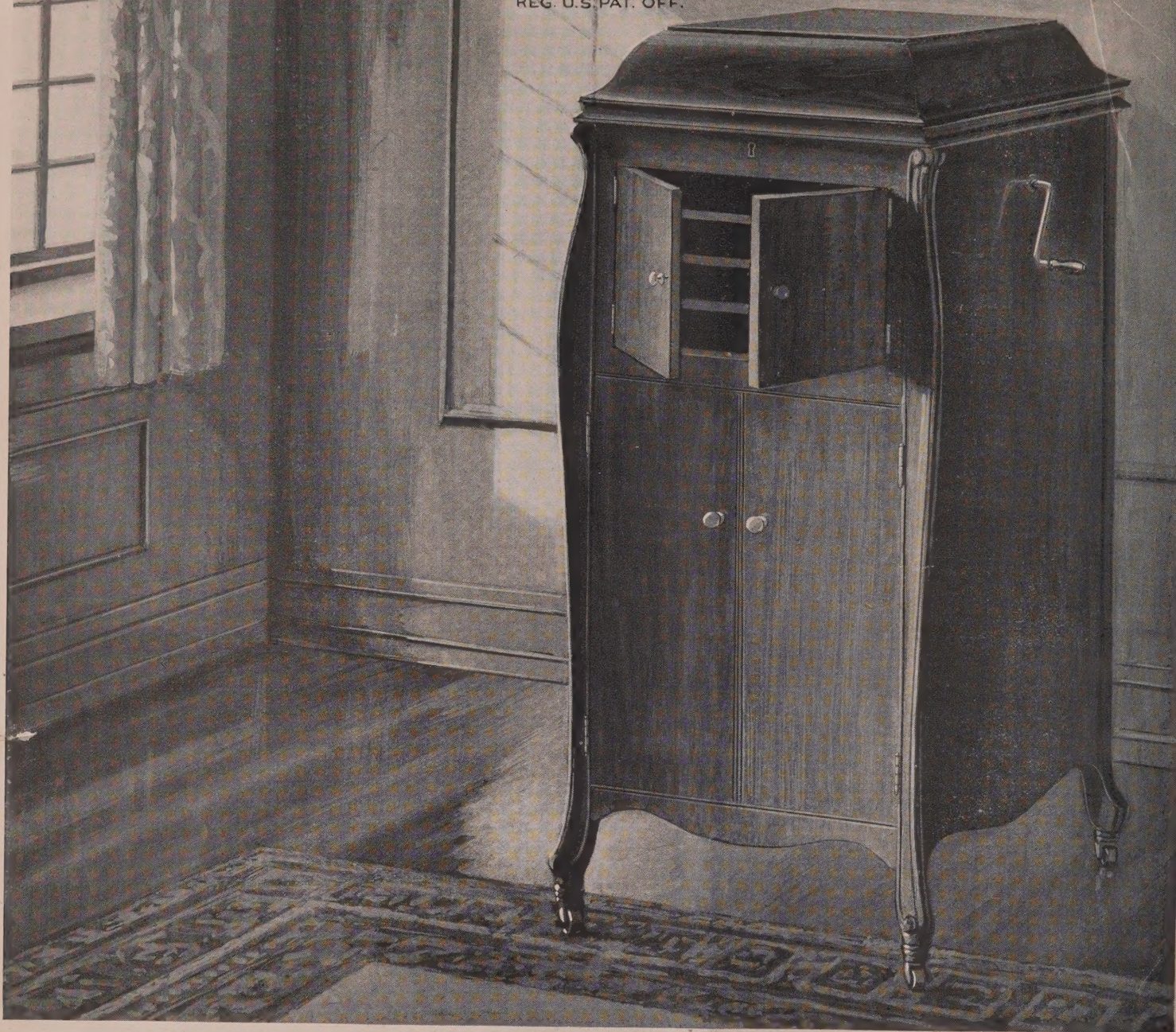
LOUIS MEYER }
PAUL MEYER } Publishers

F. E. ALLARDT, Director of Circulation

Published monthly by the Theatre Magazine Company, 6 East 39th Street, New York. Henry Stern, president; Louis Meyer, treasurer; Paul Meyer, secretary. Single copies are forty cents; four dollars by the year: Fifty cents extra for zone postage west of the Mississippi River, including Minnesota, Louisiana, and all U. S. Foreign Possessions. Foreign countries, add \$1.00 for mail; Canada, add 85c.

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JOSEF SCHILDKRAUT

As Liliom, the Budapest barker, in Franz Molnar's play of that name.



THE announcement that, next season, A. E. Erlanger will have first call on all Theatre Guild productions, caused smiles among those who recalled this manager's former scornful attitude toward the "high-brow" drama. Mr. Erlanger used to be fond of saying he was not in the theatre business for his health, and ridiculed the idea that there could be a dollar in "literary" plays. But times change and managerial policy changes with them. The unquestionable success of the Theatre Guild, and other independent producers, also the growth and widespread influence of the Drama League, has gradually educated the commercial manager and convinced him of his error. He knows now that all theatregoers are not of the same low mental calibre as those so easily satisfied with stereotyped melodrama, indecent bedroom farce, garish "leg" spectacle, or mushy, sentimental comedy. The shrewd manager realizes, at last, that there has developed in this country a large and ever increasing class of theatre patrons who yearn for art and spiritual uplift in the theatre—a class which demands the very best—and he is wise enough to get under cover while the getting is good. Mr. Erlanger might retort that now the literary play has proved its ability to make money, he readily concedes it a place on the stage. But was the commercial manager ever willing to give the literary play an opportunity to prove its drawing power? No—its salvation came through the small independent organizations, not the big producers.

THE success of the Theatre Guild appears to have broken at last the hoodoo which has so long hung over the Garrick Theatre. Built by Ed Harrigan in 1890, and opened the same year under the name of Harrigan's Theatre, with "Reilly and the Four Hundred," this home of Irish-American humor once enjoyed a large following. The theatre had varying and gradually waning fortunes until 1895, when Richard Mansfield secured the lease and renamed it the Garrick, bravely resisting the temptation (to which other stars have readily succumbed), to name it after himself. In 1897, the house again changed hands, being leased by C. H. Hoyt and Frank McKee, under Frohman management. Notable productions under the new régime were: "Zaza," with Mrs. Leslie Carter; "Sherlock Holmes," with William Gillette; "David Harum," with W. H. Crane; "Captain Jinks," with Ethel Barrymore. From now on, the house lost prestige rapidly. The theatre centre moved uptown and the Garrick was left to its own gloomy reflections. Never a well constructed house, its shabby furnishings grew

gradually shabbier, and its draughts, view-obstructing posts, and back-breaking chairs were the terror of its patrons. Now used only for "tryouts" and itinerant attractions, everything put on proved a "frost" and even when, in 1915, Jacques Copeau and his French players took up their home there, and remodelled and redecorated the house, the hoodoo was still found doing business at the old stand. To the Theatre Guild, alone, was given the magic to exorcise the demon of failure. Today, the tread of the discriminating theatregoer is once more turned in the direction of West 35th Street.

IT pays to advertise in most cases, but especially where the theatre is concerned. Managers, fully realizing the fact and less modest than the late Mr. Mansfield, name their playhouses after themselves or their stars, and in New York City we find the Belasco, the Shubert, the Morosco, the Selwyn, the Cort, the Broadhurst, the Frazee, the Klaw, the Henry Miller, the Maxine Elliott, the George M. Cohan, the Sam H. Harris, the Nora Bayes, B. F. Keith's, the Bramhall and the Eltinge, the last-named being perhaps the only playhouse in the history of the stage called after a "female impersonator." A few years ago there were the James K. Hackett, the William Harris, Hammerstein's, Nazimova's and Lew Fields', while before that there were Herrman's, Hoyt's, Weber and Fields', Wallack's and Daly's. In a surprisingly magnanimous manner, the Frohmans have abstained from naming theatres after themselves, just as, when Winthrop Ames built a new playhouse, he called it the Booth. The Movie houses, so far, have avoided this personal nomenclature, yet it would not be at all astonishing to hear of a new house to be devoted to picture plays and known as the Griffith.

THE late George Edwardes, famous producer of musical comedies at the Gaiety Theatre in London, once remarked that he was always polite to chorus girls because at a moment's notice they might become marchionesses or duchesses, and this observation was recently paraphrased by a New York purveyor of lighter entertainments who declared that he was positively deferential to chorus girls because they might suddenly become "angels" for productions! As proof of his assertion he rattled off a string of names, a score or more, of former members of the "merry merry" who nowadays star in photoplays or stage productions, living in the most luxurious fashion, some of those referred to being Marion Davies, Hope Hamp-

ton, Martha Mansfield, Mrs. Vernon Castle, and—how strange it seems!—Mary Nash and Elsie Ferguson! But, sure enough, in 1903 these two stellar attractions were together in the chorus during the first American presentation of "The Girl From Kay's." Other notable examples of rapid progress from the chorus include Lillian Russell, Edna May, Lulu Glaser and the late Olive Thomas.

WHATEVER the shortcomings of the Actors' Equity, from the managerial viewpoint, Equity leaders must be given credit for sound common sense. The Council of the Equity recently issued a statement discouraging the announced purpose of some members of the profession to enter into a debate with certain clergymen on the decidedly delicate topic: "The Morality of the Stage vs. the Morality of the Pulpit." The Equity officers promptly came out with their disavowal, saying: "It is always an easy matter to unearth unsavory statistics on any side and in any controversy, but blots on the record of individuals cannot be regarded as reflections on the calling to which they belong. The Actors' Equity Association will never associate itself with any reflection on the Church, which it holds in reverence. It is far more interested at the present moment in the fiftieth anniversary of the Rev. Dr. Houghton, rector of the Church of the Transfiguration, known affectionately to actors as 'The Little Church Around the Corner.'" Throwing stones while in glass houses is always a dangerous pastime. The Equity officers had sense enough to see the force of this old truism which seems to have escaped the usually perspicacious eye of the bellicose Mr. Brady, and the equally redoubtable Mr. Burr McIntosh.

A DECADE ago "where to go" after the play was quite as much of a problem as "what play to see" in the first place. That is, so far as the livelier element of native New Yorkers are concerned, to say nothing of out-of-town visitors bent upon "seeing the sights." Those were the days—or rather, the nights—of "lobster palaces," the popular delicacy being "broiled live lobster," or "lobster à la Newburg," washed down with liquid refreshment of an invigorating nature. But, with the advent of prohibition and the high cost of living, fashions in restaurants have changed, and gilded salons lined with mirrors are frequently ignored in favor of democratic "delicatessens" with chairs and tables in a back room. In such establishments may be encountered men and women in evening clothes, their motor cars waiting outside. And

surely ham sandwiches and near-beer are less expensive and less indigestible than cocktails and Welsh rarebits, if also less exciting! One up-town "pure food shop" is an especially favored *rendez-vous* in the late hours of the night and the early hours of the morning, despite the newspaper notoriety accruing from a lawsuit brought because a customer objected to paying a king's ransom for an "especially prepared ham," the objection being sustained by the judge who heard the case.

* * *

WILLIAM LE BARON, the well-known playwright, although busy in connection with several important Cosmopolitan screen productions, still finds enough time on his hands to write plays. He will have two new pieces on Broadway next season. One is called, "Nobody's Money," which Lawrence Weber has already produced out of town, and "The Scarlet Man," which will be given under the direction of Charles Dillingham.

* * *

THAT women are more adaptable than men is a well-known fact, and in no field is the proof more apparent than on the stage. The matter of wearing apparel is merely one instance. In so-called "costume plays" the manager provides the attire for all the members of the company, but in modern pieces he only supplies the dresses for the women, leaving the men to secure whatever suits are called for. The actresses invariably select appropriate frocks, such as the most fashionable women would wear. But that is where some actors fall short. Just as Broadway is their standard, rather than Fifth Avenue, when called upon to represent a banker or clubman, they often present themselves in "Swellcut" or "Modishmade" garments, with Times Square ideals exemplified in shaped-in coats, with perpendicular pockets, bell-cuff sleeves, bell-bottom trousers and terribly tight, low collars. That is one of the reasons why so many managers engage Englishmen as leading men, especially as leading juveniles, when presenting "drawingroom" pieces. For Englishmen, being conservative in most things, shun eccentricities in attire.

* * *

OPERATIC stars had better look to their laurels or some of their less musical colleagues of the dramatic stage will quite outshine them in the matter of salary. The humble thespian—once glad to receive any wage so long as the ghost walked with some kind of regularity—now demands a weekly stipend running into four figures. I hear that the two leading lights in a certain high-priced Broadway production, where the minimum for orchestra seats is \$5, is each in receipt of \$5,000 weekly, and that the playwright who wrote the medium for their histrionic display, receives the modest royalty of \$3,500 every week. Experts say that the attraction, during its stay of two months, will probably take into the box-office the tidy sum of \$400,000. We are constantly reminded that it is high salaries that make grand opera unprofitable, and with the glaring example of operatic deficits, the wail of the theatre managers, with figures just quoted, must amount to a lamentation greater than that ever uttered by Jeremiah.

* * *

IS applause in the theatre becoming an extinct art? We have forgotten how to hiss

in the playhouse (although the provocation is often great); have we also forgotten how to clap? One aggrieved actor thinks we have, and he blames it on the movies. He says: "People are getting so used to movies that they're forgetting to applaud living actors, no matter how pleased they may be by their work. They have ceased applauding the films, for they know how ridiculous it is to approve acting done in front of a camera months before. The result is that 'cold' houses are becoming more frequent. A 'cold' house usually gets a 'cold' performance." Personally, I



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DESIREE LUBOVSKA

Well-known Russian danseuse who has founded in New York a dancing school similar to the one which produced the famous Ballet Russe

don't share this actor's view. Good acting will always stir an audience, no matter how apathetic, to enthusiasm. If there is no applause, it usually means that the acting is mediocre, not to say "rotten." The experience of much theatre-going convinces me that the clapper, like the leather-lunged barker, is still with us, and as much of a nuisance as ever. The trouble is he claps too loud and too often, and without proper discrimination.

* * *

DO funny things happen in this box-office?

I'll say they do," replied one dapper seller of the coveted little pasteboards. "Why, I could fill dramatic authors with ideas for comedies and tragedies that would make 'em rich over night. People come here and ask me such absurd questions that I don't know whether to laugh or to cry! What time does the curtain go up? What time does the curtain come down? Are there any special seats for deaf people? Any special seats for fat people? Where are the fire exits, the heating apparatus,

and the cooling apparatus? Is this or that member of the company married or single? What are their real names? Could we put a cushion on a seat for a child? Could we get an autograph photograph from the star? Only today, an old lady came up to me and asked to see my diaphragm! I knew she meant the diagram, the chart of the house, but I choked with laughter just the same! Then she thought I was trying to flirt with her, and she said she would report me to the manager! Oh—it's a great life if you don't weaken!"

* * *

IT is extraordinary that so good a play, a piece with as big a human appeal, as "Liliom"—which will probably prove to be the Theatre Guild's biggest success—should have been eleven years in finding its way to Broadway. Molnar wrote the piece in 1910. A translation was offered to American managers six years ago, but no one recognized the possibilities of the play. Later, a crude English version, presented in London, with Lyn Harding as a Hampstead Heath barker, met with immediate failure. More recently, Arthur Hopkins became interested in another version, having Coney Island as its background, with a view to starring John Barrymore play the title rôle, but finally surrendered his rights in the piece, and the Theatre Guild grabbed—a gold mine!

* * *

ONE of the officials of the Actors' Equity estimates that the performance of the recent Equity Show at the Metropolitan would cost, if a manager engaged the cast, \$480,000 for one performance, or \$3,840,000 for a week's salaries. Nearly 1,000 stars of the stage and screen took part in the show. "The fact," says S. Jay Kauffman, in the *Globe*, that the Equity has this year added the motion picture actors to its cast makes this affair the largest performance, in point of the size and standing of the cast, ever given in the United States. The salaries for the "You Must Come Over," by Grant Stewart and Kenneth Webb, total \$60,000; "You Turn It," by Frank Craven, \$25,000; "Waltz Madness," a miniature musical comedy, \$250,000; "The Equity Kindergarten," \$50,000; "Dance Carnival," \$50,000. And, finally, the Shakespearian pageant, \$45,000."

* * *

SHAKESPEAREAN tragedians come and Shakespearean tragedians go, but Robert Mantell, aided and abetted by his charming wife, Genevieve Hamper, goes on forever. If, since the disappearance of the great classic actors, interest in the Bard has not been allowed to entirely flicker out on the American stage, credit is largely due to Mr. Mantell who, bad season or good season, has steadfastly rejected the theory that Shakespeare spells ruin, and has carried the Shakespearean banner triumphantly through the land. This season's tour, which closed in Philadelphia on May 14, was one of the longest in Mr. Mantell's entire career. He is credited with having broken in the East the records of Irving and in the South those of Edwin Booth. In San Francisco, the orchestra was removed from the pit, extra chairs were crowded into the boxes, and the police regulations as to standing room, were the only limits on attendance. If this sort of thing continues, Shakespeare will soon be a serious competitor of the Ziegfeld Follies.

THE COMIC MASK

Leon Errol, king among fun makers, reveals the secret sorrows of the comedian

By CAROL BIRD

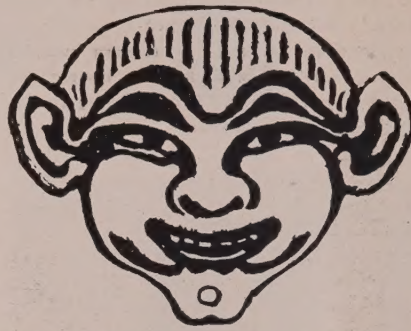
A COMEDIAN, to an audience, is the symbol of Levity. It thinks of him as the personification of Lightness, Buoyancy, Frivolity. Seriousness is alien to him. He is a jolly, funny, happy creature, reveling in banter and badinage. Tripping over his own toes is the most natural movement in the world to him. Hitching up his shoulders, and looking slyly bland is a combination definitely a part of him. As far as an audience is concerned, a comedian is a laugh-dispenser who shuffles through Life in large, flapping shoes, and a dress suit sizes too large for him.

That the comedian, who by his amusing antics, entertains them for several hours, ceases, automatically, with the removal of his make-up, to be a comedian, never occurs to most playgoers. That he emerges from his dressing room a dignified, serious-minded man, shoulders thrown well back, with, perhaps, even a frown upon his face, is something that they cannot well imagine. The fact that he may, after a performance, slip into a smoking jacket, pat his wife on the back, kiss his babes good-night, and then enter his library to take a fling at Turgeneff or one of the doleful West Flemish writers, is a procedure that they certainly are not able to visualize.

NO. To an audience, a comedian is a mummer, a buffoon, who never touches the depths of life. Always he floats lightly on the surface, grinning, chortling, kicking his heels in an abandon of delight. Life is a joke to him. Cares he has none. "Laugh and be merry, for tomorrow I may die," is his slogan. His all-important mission in life is to make men and women—who pay several dollars for a theatre seat—laugh, and laugh, and laugh some more. He must be generous with his store of quips, gargoyle grimaces, and ridiculous gestures. Those who pay to see him cavort are tired and bored. They have worries, perhaps, or woes which they wish to forget, if only temporarily. They settle back in their seats to watch the risible star of the comedy, certain that he will excite their laughter. Frolicsome knave that he is, he is sure to amuse them with his waggery.

He appears. Shoulders hunched up, he half hops and half slides out from the wings, grinning impishly. His eyebrows are quirked upwards, his long slit of a mouth turned up at the corners, even his nose seems to tilt skyward. His costume is outlandish. He carries a tray, piled high with dishes. The pantomimic fun begins. He approaches a table, at which several well dressed women are seated. Suddenly, apparently, he gets a crick in his knee, his leg goes limply from under him, the tray sways perilously. But just as he appears to be sinking to the ground, the crink unkinks. He straightens himself. He grins a bit vacuously. His audience roars.

Does anyone in the great temple of entertainment guess that under the grotesque dress-shirt front of the comedian there beats



MASK BY HERMAN ROSSE

at that very moment a broken heart? Who surmises that the funny little rascal standing there in the glare of the spotlight is using every ounce of will-power he possesses, not to force a laugh, but to keep from bursting out into a great, soul-relieving sob?

Last night his father died—the man he loved and esteemed above all other men. At home his mother, sisters and brothers, are free to unleash their grief. But the comedian-son, in order to save a good show from floundering, dams his own flood of tears, and invites the mirth of others. This sounds a bit imaginative, like a piece of fiction, written for its effective contrast. Nevertheless, it is true, something that happened to one of our well known Broadway comedians not so very long ago. Incidents like it, and similar to it, occur in the lives of all comedians. It is possible to discover in the background of Comedy, the wraith of Tragedy, peering in sinister fashion, over his shoulder.

LEON ERROL, otherwise known as "Connie," a waiter in Alley Inn, in "Sally," is a comedian who knows full well the difficulties incidental to being funny when he is living in heartbreak house. He can tell you all about the seriousness of being funny. You will get your first jolt when you meet him off stage. That is, you will get your first jolt if you chance to be one of the many who believe that a comedian's life is one constant round of joy and merriment. Say, for instance, that you meet him at his apartment in the Ansonia Hotel. He really has a home, even though it is tucked away on the fourteenth floor of a hotel—big, spacious rooms, a piano, tea cart, Japanese servant, trim maid-servant, a silver tea service, photographs of a handsome little lad decorating the mantle. Can you picture a comedian in such a domestic environment? Isn't it easier to see him uncorking a flask of "aguacaliente," and smirking smirky as he offers you a nip, in a room of the Jolly Monks, or some such zippy-gladsome theatrical club? But no, he offers you tea, with a slice of lemon, and a sugar wafer!

He wears a neat suit, of some inconspicuous weave, a tie subdued in color, and a rather, tired, serious expression on his lean face. He asks you to excuse him for being late, he has been busy rehearsing for a new

play, and he didn't sleep well last night because of a heavy cold. You wait for him to get up and do a little jig, or screw up his face, or reel off a flippy jest, just to put you at your ease, and bring him back into character. He does none of these things. He offers you another cup of tea, sips his own, and, between sips, tells you about the heart-aches behind the laughs, the hard work back of the frolic, the difficulty of being funny when you want to weep or call a doctor.

COMEDIANS have tribulations just like other mortals, but it's hard to convince an audience that this is true. Perhaps their misunderstanding in this regard is a great tribute to our art. We must act excruciatingly funny to hypnotize folks into believing that we're perpetual jokesters, without a care in the world. But, sometimes, it would be sort of nice and chummy to feel that an audience was with us in some of those dark hours of our lives, when we must hide our grief or worries in the glare of a brilliantly lighted stage.

"In almost every other walk of life, when a man is grief-stricken, in pain, or obsessed by worries, he can secure privacy. He can stay away from work. He can rest. He can have medical attention when he needs it. He can wash away his grief with tears when his emotion becomes overpowering. Not so the comedian. The occasion when it was hardest for me to wear the mask of joy was last September. My father died at 8:15 one evening, just before the curtain went up on the first act. They did not tell me back stage until after the performance was over. Something strangely quiet and sympathetic in their attitude toward me made me surmise that something was wrong. But I went through with the show. After it was over, and the bad news conveyed to me, I hurried over to my mother's home on Long Island, and found everything in chaos. After a night of sorrow, and much work arranging funeral details, overpowered by a fresh and stabbing sense of loss, tired and exhausted, I went on for the next day's matinee. It was the hardest ordeal of my life. After the matinee was over I collapsed.

"It is true that an understudy could have gone on for me, but sudden changes, somehow bungle a show. The others in the cast are accustomed to the regular comedian who has been working with them, they know his every gesture and bit of business. Real teamwork is destroyed without him. The play is liable to go flat."

MR. ERROL sipped his tea and coughed. He explained that his hard work, particularly in the first act, induces a perspiration, and that a few evenings ago he had not waited for fifteen minutes as he usually does, in his dressing room, before going out into the night air. The resultant cold. He continued:

"A comedian's antics look simple and spontaneous enough out front, but, actually, it's all hard, strenuous exercise—pre-arranged

LYNNE OVERMAN AND VIVIAN MARTIN IN
"JUST MARRIED"

Conventional summer entertainment vitalized by the presence of Lynne Overman in the cast. Mr. Overman is the young comedian who became a star in one night, after having taken part in so many failures that he was ready to believe himself a Jonah for any production



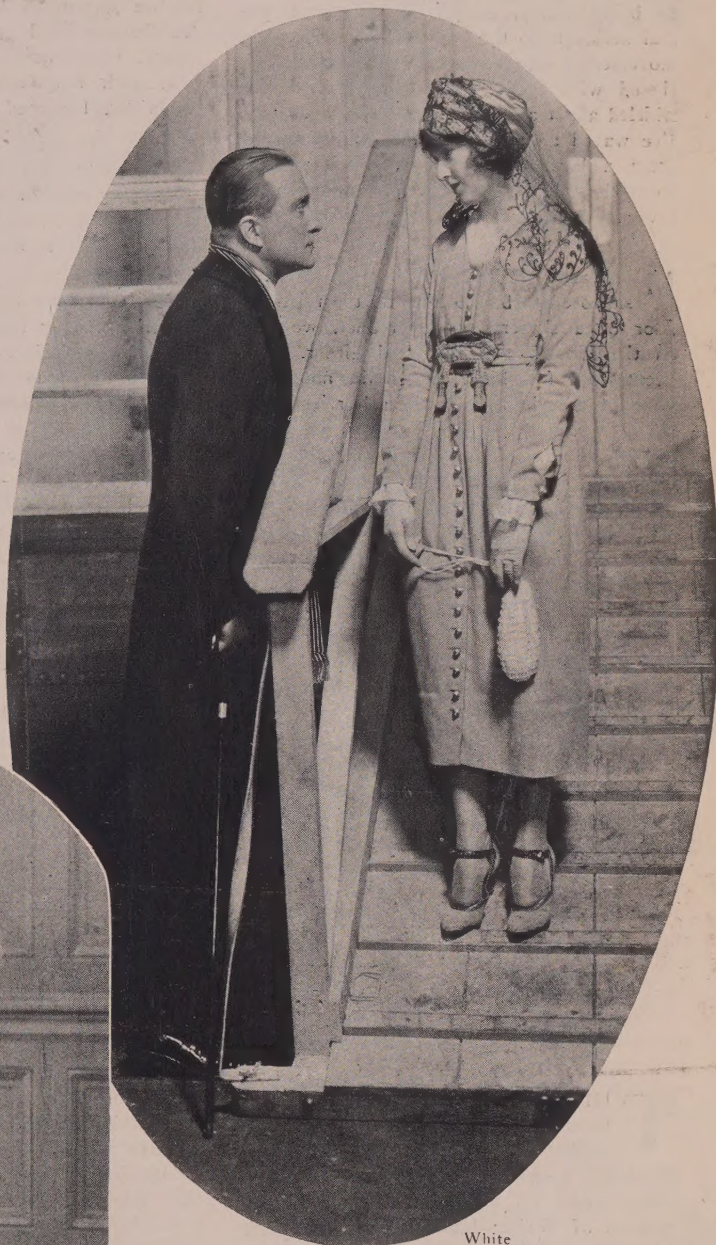
White

ELSE ALDER IN
"JUNE LOVE"

This popular prima-donna can always be depended upon to sing with intelligence and charm, and the music of Friml provides her with something better than the usual run of musical comedy scores



White



White

VIVIAN MARTIN

This pretty and pathetic heroine came from filmland to wear the fluffy and lacy pajamas—the *sine qua non* of bedroom farce as much a part of our stage conventions as the buskin of the Athenians—and thus to wander carelessly into the wrong stateroom

business. My clothes are usually wringing wet after each act. After the performance, I have an alcohol rub, and a short rest, before going out into the air. I dread a cold. It is a frightful strain for an actor to give his lines handicapped by one. He never knows when he is going to interrupt himself with coughing, or lose his voice entirely.

"But colds, and sore throats, and pounding headaches, all of which are serious deterrents to being funny, cannot be compared with real accidents to the body, which make every movement a separate agony. I've danced and jigged with broken bones in my feet, I've whirled about a stage with leg ligaments torn, I've waved an airy hand that was withering from a burn. But never have I suffered so much as I did about seven years ago, when I was playing with 'The Century Girl.'

MY big act was with Bert Williams. We were supposed to be working on the thirteenth floor of a skyscraper. In reality, we were on the top of an improvised girder, about twenty-four feet high. When the noon hour gong sounds, in the act, Bert hurries off to lunch, sublimely forgetful that I am up at the top of the stationary scaffold. The lights black out, and when they light up again, I have been lowered by pulley, and the next scene is on. I was physically and mentally exhausted about this time, after long weeks of rehearsal. One night during that instant when the lights were out, I must have grown dizzy or faint. At any rate, I toppled off that high girder, and when the stage hands picked me up, I had strange, shooting, pains in my side.

"During intermission I was rubbed with liniment, and went back on. Sometimes the pain in my side was so severe that I had to hunch over on one side, and walk across the stage doubled up like a jack-knife. Being a

comedian, I got away with it. The audience merely thought it was another one of my funny postures, and laughed. Laughed loud and heartily. Their applause buoyed me up. The excitement of the moment, the knowledge that I had to keep going, made me stand on my feet. After the curtain was rung down on the last act, they called in a doctor, and I learned I had three broken ribs. They taped me and bound me up, and put me on a train, for we played St. Louis the following day. Ah, the agonies I endured on that bumping, jolting, never-ending ride! The next night, faint with long-endured pain, under trying conditions, I opened in the Missouri city."

THE photograph on a nearby table of a smiling woman, drew Mr. Errol's attention. He suddenly thought of another occasion when laughter to him was a mockery behind the footlights.

"My wife was taken to the hospital one day to have her tonsils removed. I had to go on for a matinee performance. They told me the operation was a simple one, but, naturally, I was worried. Who could guess that the gay clown who mocked the other members of the cast was, himself, being mocked by, perhaps—Death? The next day I saw her. I was relieved. Then came a relapse, and hemorrhages. While she hovered in the valley, I was forced to gambol merrily about a stage like a carefree lamb. Believe me, that was a terrible period for me!

"Another time I struck my foot against a piece of stage machinery, and broke a few small bones. The foot was put in a light cast, and I stayed in the show. But every time I put that foot down, I hid the look of pain in a grimace. The audience chortled. I presume it would have been abashed had it known that it was laughing at a man's smirks of pain.

"But don't center all your sympathy on me. All comedians endure the same things. I know very few who are the carefree souls their work demands they be on the stage. It is merely their means of livelihood. The comedians I know are serious-minded men off stage, many of them worrying about their home affairs, financial matters, illness, death, and, yes, even their jobs—just like any other workmen. They worry whether the show they are in is going to have a long run, or go up in smoke.

"Many of them are studious, learned men. Some are omnivorous readers. I know many who have splendid libraries of their own. They are closely tied up to the serious side of life. If they did not know and understand the serious sidelights of this world they would not be properly equipped to burlesque them. They associate with serious-minded people, and thus are better able to travesty their serious foibles and mode of life.

"No. We are not jesters always. We have our ebb-tide. A sympathetic audience can best help us by coming right along with us in our work, by not being apathetic, thus compelling us to speed up and force the laughs, by trying to be receptive to our mirth so that the strain of trying to pull an audience with us isn't an added burden. How can an audience know when a comedian thus needs bolstering up? Well, suppose it plays safe, and constantly keeps in mind that we may be harboring a secret woe?"

LEON ERROL smiled. It was his only, single, thin effort to be funny during the whole conversation. When he ushered us out, he said he was delighted to have met us, and did not once jab us in the ribs in friendly fashion, or kick up an off heel. We departed, sobered by thoughts of a comedian's secret sorrows, laboriously concealed behind a mask of mirth.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE



THE playgoer, seeking enlightenment as to what is worth seeing in the theatre, might well have rubbed his eyes in perplexed amazement when he read in the daily papers on April 20 last, the various reviews of Walter Hampden's impersonation of Macbeth. Doctors have been known to disagree before, but it is seldom that local reviewers have shown such a marked divergence of views regarding the merits of the same artist. The only safe way, of course, is to consult the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Writing of Mr. Hampden's performance of Macbeth in the *New York Times*, Mr. Alexander Woolcott said: "Once again we have this most difficult and exacting of the Shakespearean tragedies unfolded, this time without a single scene played with real tragic power or beauty or distinction. Of the three Macbeths this jostling season has met—Fritz Leiber, Lionel Barrymore and Walter Hampden—Mr. Leiber was, all told, the best.

"As a Shakespearean actor, Walter Hampden has been showered with praise and outside

our town, at least, acquired such a following as promises in time no mean returns of a material and clinking kind. His ambition is so creditable, his position in the theatre one of such integrity, and his courage so fine, that it would be pleasant to be able to join in the cheering which has marked his progress along the road. But one who has sat attentive and respectful through his "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" must confess an immense dissatisfaction. Here is an actor of considerable equipment—a man of heroic figure, good voice and varied training, but one whose mechanics are ever as visible as those of a machine making breakfast food in a shop window, one who is merely lugubrious where a fine actor would be tragic, and one who seems always to miss that intensity of emotion wherewith the great rôles are wrought and for which the great rôles call. When Malcolm and Donalbain take frightened flight from Inverness the curtain does not fall. It stays up just long enough to permit Macbeth to hustle down the castle steps in his nightie, look around to see if all

is well, and then stand there in the torchlight registering triumph. Mr. Hampden does this precisely in the manner of the late Sir Herbert Tree, a separate and concentrated glower. It is pie for the groundlings, but it gives the judicious pain."

Mr. Heywood Broun, writing in the *New York Tribune*, said: "When Arthur Hopkins recently introduced an outlandish Macbeth some of us ventured the opinion that the strange scenery terrified the players. Realizing that the play seemed dull, Robert Edmond Jones was generally selected as a scapegoat. Last night, Walter Hampden presented a thoroughly conventional production of "Macbeth" at the Broadhurst and try as we might we could not find it a bit more interesting. Perhaps scenery is the least important element in any production of Shakespeare and everything depends upon acting. "Macbeth," we imagine, must be acted unusually well if it is to seem anything but gusty melodrama. Last night's production was no more than that to us. Walter Hampden (Continued on page 62)

LITTLE STORIES OF THE STAGE

THE PASSIONS OF PIERRETTE

DRAWN BY
SEDDIE ASPELL



ENGAGED



SUCCESS



LOVE



ENJOYMENT



ANGER



DISDAIN



DISENGAGED

THE ART OF WILLY POGANY

WILLY POGANY, designer of imaginative stage sets for "Sumurun," for the "Magic Melody," for "Lassie," and for the Metropolitan Opera's production of "Coq d'Or," and "L'Italiana in Algeri," and colorful costumer for James K. Hackett's "Merry Wives of Windsor," the first "Hitchy-Koo," and many other brilliant productions is also Willy Pogany caricaturist, portrait painter, illustrator and, most recently, mural decorator. And Willy Pogany, mural decorator, is still imaginative, original, dramatic.

His mural decorations have recently been dedicated in the auditorium of the People's House for which they were painted at the order of Mrs. Philip Lewisohn. Three great panels on the side wall show the "Experience of Man," first man blind and groping, leading his woman, urging on his aged to the faint music of hope as he attempts to find his way out of the dark valleys of life; then man aspiring, drawn up by spiritual insight, struggling to the clear lit pinnacles of achievement and understanding; and last, man caught in the ceaseless current of human history, carried to the crest of the wave, reaching still higher but dashed again to the depths.

To those who know Mr. Pogany's vivid stage sets, these murals would seem quiet, sombre even, for they are painted almost in monochrome, the cold colors of dull blues and greens. The Height and the Wave are especially restrained in color, the figures in the first being modelled in a few tones of gray-blue and in the second the entire composition being carried out in the gray-green of an autumn sea. But Mr. Pogany's color blossoms again in the formal decoration which overlays the three panels and binds them together in one continuous design.

A pattern of bright flowers swings down in a heavy rope at the far sides of the first and last panels, framing the three as one, and is carried along

Man caught in the ceaseless current of human history and, still struggling, dashed again to the depths



in the foreground of the Valley and the Height. They are flowers such as never grew in any valley or on any height, many colored flowers of decorative patterns and strong outlines. Mr. Pogany adapted them from the peasant art of his own country, Hungary, from the painted boxes and embroideries made by generations of the country people there for their own use. The murals are the Story of the People, so Mr. Pogany felt it appropriate to introduce into them the art of the people.

Before Mr. Pogany was either stage decorator or mural painter he was a famous caricaturist in Paris. From 1901 to 1904 his terse and characteristic sketches were well known in France, and almost as well known were his serious portraits. From Paris he went to London, where he worked for the next nine years. He continued his portrait work there and also became very much interested in etching. His main work, however, was in illustrating. In those nine years he drew or painted or etched illustrations for more than eighty volumes. Since 1914, Mr. Pogany has been working in New York and has become justly famous for the sets and costumes which he has created for more

The second of three panels showing Man aspiring to greater heights of understanding

than a dozen productions. Examples of his work are in the Budapest Fine Arts Museum and in many of the important private collections of Budapest, Vienna, Paris, the Hague, London and New York. He has received important awards at the exhibitions in Budapest in 1909 and again in 1911, in Leipsic in 1914, and at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco in 1915.

New York opera-goers had an opportunity to see still another of his beautiful sets when "The Polish Jew" was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in March.

P. A.





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LENORE ULRIC

There is more than a suggestion of the gypsy in this brilliant daughter of the Middle West, who has always been cast in slightly exotic rôles. She has just completed her tour in "The Son-Daughter," the melodrama of Chinese patriotism in which she has loved, suffered and murdered for all of two seasons



Ira L. Hill

HELEN BOLTON

The charming prima donna of "Pitter Patter" and "The Midnight Rounders," will be seen early in the Fall in a new musical production.



Campbell

GLADYS HURLBUT

A red-haired young lady who brings plenty of fire to the rôle of the tempestuous Pegeen in the revival of Synge's, "The Playboy of the Western World," at the Bramhall Playhouse

LEADING PLAYERS WHO PLEASE BROADWAY



JULIAN ELTINGE

The art of paint and powder! Here is one of its most successful practitioners, and many are the feminine hearts that might be stirred with envy of the achievements of this mere man in the sacred realm of feminine charm. Mr. Eltinge, whose impersonations are not merely for the eye, is at present swinging around the Keith circuit.

© Strauss-Peyton

"NICE PEOPLE"

Comedy in 3 Acts By Rachel Crothers

THIS comedy takes for its theme the much-discussed modern girl about whose conduct and manners—or lack of them—has recently raged a storm of controversy. The very "nicest" girls drink, smoke, go out unchaperoned at all hours, dress disgracefully, and generally flout social conventions. The older generation is sure that they are sending the world to the everlasting bonfire. Miss Crothers' play shows the weaknesses in both points of view.

Copyright, 1921, by Rachel Crothers.



A GIRL, "Teddy" Gloucester, the motherless daughter of a very wealthy man who gives her everything she wants and lets her do just as she pleases, is going the pace with her friends, dancing, dining, smoking, drinking and swearing, and is an ultra-sophisticated young girl who, being no longer a baby, needs no chaperone. Her father, whose eyes are suddenly opened to the dangers that surround her course, without warning, forbids her going out late at night to "some place" which her escort knows of, to dine. In a fit of angry resentment the headstrong girl takes the bit between her teeth, bolts, and involves herself in a scandal of unusual dimensions.

The play opens in the Gloucester apartment on Park Avenue, New York City. We are introduced to the daughter, Theodora Gloucester, or Teddy as she is commonly known, and some of her smart friends. Teddy is about twenty, slender and vibrating, pretty, intelligent and high-keyed with a radiant charm and a vivid responsiveness. Her two friends are opposite types. Hallie Livingston is beautiful in a showy, full-blown way and is a genuine cat if there ever was one; Eilene Baxter-Jones is dark, piquant, and wholesome—also very good to look upon. Trevor Leeds and Oliver Comstock, two typical society men, hover about the girls, mixing their drinks, lighting their cigarettes and dancing with them. The five are waiting for Scottie Wilbur to fill out the party, then they are going out somewhere to dance.

EILENE: Time Scottie was turning up, I should say, if he is ever going to.

TEDDY: I'm not sure at all that he will. I know of nothing in life so certain as the uncertainty of Scottie Wilbur.

HALLIE: How you can allow him to be so rude to you, Teddy, is absolutely beyond my comprehension.

TEDDY: There are many things beyond your comprehension, Hallie, dearest. Scottie isn't rude to me in the least. On the contrary, he's perfect.

HALLIE: Not according to my ideas of taste and sensibilities. I call it horribly rude to 'phone you at the last minute that he couldn't come to dinner.

EILENE: Sweetly adding, he forgot he was

booked for some place else.

OLIVER: At least, he might have had the decency to lie a little.

TEDDY: But it was adorable of him not to lie. How can he help it if he forgot? I think it was wonderful of him to go there when, of course, he wanted to be here. Rena Maxwell actually needed him. Rena's so intellectual, her dinners are deadly. And there's nothing to drink there now, not a drop. She's taking prohibition seriously.

EILENE: She's taken it as an excuse, you mean. She was always too stingy to give a fellow a real drink.

TEDDY: Rena believes in drinking only with thine eyes.

TREVOR: Yes, Rena's a fish.

HALLIE: It's so awfully middle-class to make one's education as evident as she makes her's, isn't it?

EILENE: Is that why you conceal yours so carefully.

HALLIE: I was beautifully educated in Paris, of course.

TEDDY: But not in much of anything else.

HALLIE: Mother was clever enough to have me taught just enough to appreciate everything in the world—but not to go far enough to be—you know. They said I might have been a great musician. But that would have been too stupid.

TREVOR: Of course, appreciation is our vocation—appreciation of other people's work.

EILENE: I don't know—sometimes I think I'd like to be able to do some one thing

TEDDY: Why don't you, then?

EILENE: They wouldn't let me.

TEDDY: Piffle! Do it any way. What are you afraid of? I think the most vulgar second rate thing in the world is to be afraid. Anything can be made chic and frightfully individual—if one just does, you know.

TREVOR: Of course, if one has the individuality to get away with it.

OLIVER: Ted, I think you come as near getting away with anything you want to as anyone I know.

HALLIE: I do, too. If I did half the things you do, Ted, I'd be horribly talked about.

TEDDY: Well, of course, because you're always trying to hide things. Do everything right before everybody's eyes—and dare them to talk.

EILENE: I was having a very nice time last night—went some place to dance a little more, you know, after the party was over—got in about four o'clock in the morning—turned on the light in the drawing room and there sat mother in the firelight with a man. And what do you think—she had the nerve to give me the devil for being out so late. Can you beat it?

TREVOR: Who was the man?

EILENE: Oh, I don't tell on mother—but I do think that was going some.

TREVOR: I don't see that you have any kick coming so long as mother hadn't taken over one of your own beaux.

EILENE: But that's just it—she had.

TEDDY: Oh, if he's young enough to like your mother, he's too young for you.

Meanwhile, Scottie arrives and the young people are about to leave when Margaret Rainsford, Teddy's aunt, enters. She is forty-five, tall, distinguished looking, a little tired and a little pale, with a critical intelligence in her face which makes her a trifle cold, but with a frank simplicity of manner. Shortly after Mr. Gloucester, Teddy's father, also arrives. Teddy borrows one of her father's cars, borrows his key, her own being lost, and relieves him of all the money he has on hand, which amounts to eighty dollars. Then the party leaves.

(Continued on page 20).



White

Eilene (Katherine Cornell)

Teddy (Francine Larrimore)

Hallie (Tallulah Bankhead)

Act 1 Teddy: If he's young enough to like your mother, he's too young for you.

awfully well. To dance, for instance, I'd love to dance on the stage.

HALLIE: Horrors!

EILENE: I would, really.

rows his key, her own being lost, and relieves him of all the money he has on hand, which amounts to eighty dollars. Then the party leaves.



The Duncan sisters—Vivian and Rosita—frisk through "Tip-Top." They sing and dance, and add generally to the gaiety of nations

Photographs by
White Studios



Madeline and Marion, the Fairbanks Inseparables, who have been conspicuous in several editions of the "Follies" are now being starred for the first time in a musical play, "Two Little Girls in Blue"



Beatrice and Elizabeth Darling always play together. They have been dancing and singing in "The Rose Girl"



There are no squabbles in the King family. Mary and Jane of that name have contributed to the harmony—musical and otherwise—of "Irene" during the two seasons the play has been running

Elsie and Florence Norrie, who sing and dance in "Mary," were, before that seen together in "It's Up to You"



SISTERS APPEARING TOGETHER ON BROADWAY



Photo Apeda

ETHEL BARRYMORE

As the Spirit of Equity carries high the scales of justice,
a radiant and living symbol of this association of players

CONSPICUOUS FIGURES IN THE BIG



Photo Apeda

JOHN BARRYMORE

No longer the horrid hunchback, Richard, but as the world's ideal lover, the slender Romeo, sets every feminine heart aflame

EQUITY SHOW AT THE METROPOLITAN

MARGARET: The guests didn't even say good-night. It isn't done, I suppose.

GLOUCESTER: Nothing is done that's too much trouble—you can count on that.

MARGARET: You think bad manners are amusing?

GLOUCESTER—Not especially—just prevalent.

MARGARET: It's appalling—simply appalling!

GLOUCESTER: What?

MARGARET: All of it—everything.

GLOUCESTER: Oh, you take it too seriously entirely, Margaret.

MARGARET: You mean, you think it's all right—all of it?

GLOUCESTER: It's the way things are. The manners of yesterday have nothing to do with the case. This is today.

MARGARET: If my sister could see her daughter today—I only hope to heaven she can't.

GLOUCESTER: Bosh! If Lucille had lived she would have come right along with the tide.

MARGARET: No.

GLOUCESTER: Yes!

MARGARET: Never!

GLOUCESTER: Yes!
She was too much a woman of the world not to.

MARGARET: A woman of the world—but a gentlewoman.

GLOUCESTER: See here, Margaret, do you mean you think I'm not keeping Teddy to what Lucille would have made her?

MARGARET: Well, do you think you are?

GLOUCESTER: Why, these are nicest kind of young people. Smart families, every one of them.

MARGARET: That's just it! That's what makes it so horrible. If they were common little upstarts and parvenus it would be easy enough to understand, but *nice people*! What are their parents thinking of? Can't they see what it is going to do to future generations?

GLOUCESTER: Why, Margaret—there never was a generation that grew up that didn't think the next one coming on was going to the dogs. They're freer—yes—because they are younger. But, by Jove, I actually believe they're safer than the bottled up age I went through—when we had to sneak about all the devilry we did. They're perfectly open and above board about it. You have to admit that. And they're going to work out their own salvation in their own way and come out all right.

MARGARET: Oh, there's something far more serious in it than merely the difference between two generations.

GLOUCESTER: Oh, you exaggerate. Frankly, I think you're awfully priggish. If you measure everything from your own conservative ideas of good form, of course, these youngsters seem a little raw. But this is their day, not ours, and we can't—

MARGARET: Oh—their day! I'm not talking about superficial fashions and manners. The vital things of character don't belong to anybody's day—they're eternal and fundamental and I can't see Lucille's daughter without them.

GLOUCESTER: That's pretty plain talk.

MARGARET: I mean to be plain. Why not?

I know I am feeling now as she would feel. I know that what I find in her house since I have come back would have—

GLOUCESTER: And what have you found? I'm able to do more for Teddy than I did for Lucille. That's the only bad thing about it—that she isn't here to have it.

MARGARET: She would hate it. She wouldn't have let you give that child eighty dollars

GLOUCESTER: I don't know that she wants to.

MARGARET: Do you never advise her?

GLOUCESTER: I'm doing all I can to make her happy. She's all right. She's a nice girl. She's perfectly capable of taking care of herself.

MARGARET: She isn't. She isn't. She is only a child. She's surrounded by everything that hurts her and nothing that can help her. It's all chaos and waste and degeneracy. And my boy lying out in France! And this

is all it was for. He went so gladly. He gave himself for something greater than himself—to save civilization. Oh, the farce of it! The hideous, horrible, useless sacrifice.

GLOUCESTER: Don't think I don't know how you feel. Of course, you're cut up. But Margaret, if you'll allow me to say so, you're allowing your own personal sorrow to color everything. You're letting it make you bitter and—well, I don't see what all this has to do with Theodora.

MARGARET: It has everything to do with

her. She's the most poignant part of it all. I came back so eager to see her because she meant a part of Lucille, I was so thankful she was alive even if John—*(she breaks)*.

GLOUCESTER: Margaret—

MARGARET: I said I'll try to put my selfish grief aside. I'll try to mean something to her—something of what she's lost in her mother. I could scarcely wait to get here. She was to be the most wonderful—*(she stops abruptly)*.

GLOUCESTER: Well!

MARGARET: And instead of that—

GLOUCESTER: Well—what?

MARGARET: Oh, my God, Hubert, she's been killed and thrown away just as absolutely as John was. She's the very essence of this thing that's in the air. America's infinitely worse than Europe. There's some excuse for it over there, perhaps—as the inevitable reaction that is dinned into one's ears all the time, but why in heaven's name are sane, decent people allowing themselves and their children to wallow in food and clothes and pleasure at the expense of their breeding—their culture—and their inheritance of wholesome American common sense? Why have you let it kill Theodora?

GLOUCESTER: I don't admit what you say—I don't admit that she's doing anything that isn't the custom of any nice girl with—

Mr. Gloucester didn't admit the truth of Aunt Margaret's denunciations, but when, a little later, Teddy appears in the room and states that she has come back for her coat as they are going some place further up to dance, her father surprises her by refusing flatly to let her go. Teddy makes no scene and Scottie leaves, after Theodora manages to slip a note into *(Continued on page 22)*



White
Margaret (Merle Maddern)

Teddy

Gloucester (Frederick Perry)

Act 1. Teddy's father surprises her by refusing to let her go to the dance.

to throw away in an evening.

GLOUCESTER: Eighty dollars! Well, that won't give them more than a sandwich or two apiece.

MARGARET: She wouldn't have let her go about half naked and wearing pearls no young girl should ever wear.

GLOUCESTER: You're old-fashioned and entirely too damned narrow. What in the name of heaven is the matter with Teddy? What's the matter with her. She's a charming girl and a great success and her friends are as nice as anybody in New York.

MARGARET: The emptiness—the soullessness of it all.

GLOUCESTER: What?

MARGARET: I've been here now three days and I haven't heard her or any of her friends say a single word or express a thought about anything on earth but their clothes, their motors, and themselves. They all talk alike, dress alike, think alike and sound alike. And the drinking—your house is a bar. It pours out at all hours.

GLOUCESTER: That's prohibition. It only amuses them to have it about when they can't get it other places.

MARGARET: Is that all you see in it?

GLOUCESTER: That's all there is in it.

MARGARET: And the smoking. Those delicate young girls are as dependent on their cigarettes to quiet down their nerves as any—oh, it's too horrible.

GLOUCESTER: I have rowed with Ted about cigarettes. That is bad, I admit. But what are we going to do. It's not her fault. They all do it.

MARGARET: Who are those boys who are making love to her—running about with her alone? Are you willing for her to marry any of them?



GRANT MITCHELL

Now in "The Champion," says when he poses for a photograph he always feels himself back in his small-town boyhood days when the travelling tin-typer was the fad



OTTO KRUGER

Leading man in "The Meanest Man in the World," declares that when the camera is pointed at him he actually feels like the meanest man in the world



DUDLEY DIGGES

of the Theatre Guild, can never be photographed without feeling like a naughty boy being scolded. His impulse is to hold on to his chair and try not to look guilty



CYRIL KEIGHTLY

The interesting young doctor in "The Green Goddess," declares that when he sits for a photo, he feels completely hypnotized



MACLYN ARBUCKLE

Now in "The Night Watch," says simply and positively, that he feels like a damn fool

Photos by Schwarz

THE EMOTIONS OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S VICTIM

was at the bottom of the matter. After a short discussion Teddy turns to her aunt.

TEDDY: Just what's wrong with what we were going to do tonight? Just what's wrong, pray? Don't you think we can be trusted alone? Don't you think we're decent enough to behave without being watched every minute?

MARGARET: I think you're young and impetuous and human and that you're getting your pleasure in the very way that the fastest, commonest sort of people get it, and it all leads to a looseness and laxness that can't possibly have anything but harm in it.

TEDDY: I don't agree with you at all. I believe in freedom. I think it makes us strong and independent. Nothing is so dangerous as narrow, evil-mindedness—and nothing is so safe as frankness.

MARGARET: That's the song the world is riding to the devil on just now. That's what we are fooling ourselves with.

TEDDY: If you're going to judge me and what I do by yourself and what you think is right, I dare say everything I do and say and think is wrong. But I don't think it's so and we aren't getting anywhere, so let's drop it.

As soon as the other members of the family retire for the night, Teddy joins her friends and the party goes its merry way. "I hope you don't think I'm afraid of Dad," laughs Teddy. "He was only showing off before Aunt Margaret and making a noise like a father."

So the party dances all night and has breakfast at a "darling" place Teddy knows about, and by a few deft prevarications, Scottie and Teddy manage to get lost from the other four and they spend the following day motoring over the country, and at about eight o'clock in the evening, they find their way to a little country place which belongs to Teddy. They break in through the window and sit down at the table to eat the lunch they had purchased at a roadhouse, and to rest a little before motoring back to New York.

Teddy feels quite certain that this display of independence on her part will serve to put her father in his place and that all will be well again at home. Neither Scottie nor Teddy fully realize the folly of their acts. Scottie has been drinking heavily during the day, and he is none too sober by evening, while Teddy was too rebellious to care for appearances. When they finish their lunch, Scottie builds a fire in the grate and he tells Teddy how much he loves her and asks her to marry him. Teddy cares for Scottie, or thinks she does, but she is always dubious of the quality of his love for her, since her friends have all told her that he cares for her money.

TEDDY: Do you know what would make us know that we really loved each other?

SCOTTIE: What?

TEDDY: If we hadn't any money at all—just ourselves.

SCOTTIE: Couldn't be done.

TEDDY: But what if I hadn't any money?

SCOTTIE: But you have. Thank God, there's nothing like that in ours.

TEDDY (looking at him keenly and drawing away from him a little, realizing he has

had too much to drink): Does it really mean a lot to you—my money?

SCOTTIE: Kiss me. What does anything else mean?

TEDDY: What if you knew this minute I didn't have a cent—what would you do?

SCOTTIE: Don't say disagreeable things. We're happy.

TEDDY: Would you want to marry me then?

SCOTTIE: What's the use talking moonshine? We know each other too well for that, don't we? I couldn't marry anybody on earth without money.



White
Teddy (Francine Larrimore) Billy (Robert Ames)

Teddy, storm-bound at her farm, engages in conversation with Billy Wade, a young stranger who has sought shelter there

TEDDY: Is money the most important thing in the world to you, Scott?

SCOTTIE: Kiss me!

TEDDY: No! No! No! You don't love me—this is horrible. I want to go. Listen, it is raining.

While they have remained comfortably inside, a terrific storm has been brewing outside, and has now burst out in all its fury. It is impossible to leave the place. Scottie, wearied from liquor and from a day of driving, falls asleep on the couch, and Teddy is left to gaze into the fire and wonder how she can get back to New York.

Meanwhile, the storm becomes more violent. Finally the door is forced open and in comes a young man—handsome, young, and strong. He wears a rain-soaked top coat and cap and carries an electric lantern. He apologizes for frightening her, and explains that he is storm bound and was obliged to seek shelter. Having nothing else to do, they engage in conversation. Teddy learns that he is a westerner who has been in New York but a short time and has not quite accustomed himself to the pace. He still has a few illusions he is trying to hang on to. His name is Billy Wade. Teddy divulges nothing to him but

her overwhelming desire to get back to the city.

At length all hope of the rain ceasing is relinquished, and Billy tells Teddy that she might as well go up stairs and make herself comfortable for the night. He will sit below, by the fire, he tells her, and will be gone before morning so that there will be no embarrassment caused by his presence. There is nothing more to do, so Teddy retires.

When Scottie awakens next morning, his senses are clearer and he is heartily sorry for the occurrence.

SCOTTIE: I'm too horribly sorry. I wouldn't have had this happen for anything.

TEDDY: That's all right. It's not your fault.

SCOTTIE: Never mind, dear. What difference does it make, after all.

TEDDY: None at all. Let's go home as fast as we can.

SCOTTIE: But Ted, it's going to be all right. You don't blame me, do you?

TEDDY: Not the least bit.

SCOTTIE: It might have happened to anybody. Lots of people are caught in storms.

TEDDY: We certainly were caught.

SCOTTIE: I'll do anything on earth to make it right.

At this juncture, Teddy's father and her Aunt Margaret appear on the scene. Hallie has informed them that Teddy spoke of driving to her farm.

TEDDY: Now, father, I've done nothing on earth I'm ashamed of in the slightest degree.

SCOTTIE: Mr. Gloucester—

GLOUCESTER: Were you here all night?

TEDDY: Yes, we were. And I've done nothing that I'm ashamed of, I tell you.

MARGARET: You believe her, Hubert?

GLOUCESTER: Believe her? Why should I?

SCOTTIE: Mr. Gloucester, this thing isn't at all the way it looks.

GLOUCESTER: Damn you! You—

TEDDY: Oh, don't, please. Do you believe I've done a rotten low down thing, or don't you?

GLOUCESTER: My God, how do I know?

MARGARET: Hubert!

SCOTTIE: Mr. Gloucester, you must—

GLOUCESTER: If you haven't, why are you here?

TEDDY: If you don't know that I'm not lying, I don't care what you think.

MARGARET: Theodora, explain it all to him. Hubert, listen.

GLOUCESTER: What is there to listen to? What is there to explain?

TEDDY: Nothing. I wouldn't try to explain for anything on earth.

SCOTTIE: You've got to listen, Mr. Gloucester. The others were with us all that first night and Ted and I motored all day yesterday—and came back here last evening just to have a look in at the place—and expected to be back in town by ten o'clock. The storm was terrific and we had to stay. We simply had to.

GLOUCESTER: That's a fine story. By God, it's just as bad to throw your reputation away as it is to-to-to-go all the way.

(Continued on page 24)



© Campbell Studio

OLGA PETROVA

In spite of the pessimists, the stage seems to be holding its own against the inroads of the films. Another actress lured back to the theatre from the studio is Olga Petrova, the seductive Russian last seen on Broadway in 1915, in "The Revolt." She will open early in the Fall in a new play, the title of which is not yet announced

MARGARET: Hubert!

GLOUCESTER: What in the name of heaven do you mean, acting like the lowest, commonest kind of a thing? Does nothing mean anything to you but this brazen, disreputable, loose—where do you get it? Where does it come from? What have you done with your bringing up? How do you expect me to believe—anything but the—what am I to believe?

MARGARET: That she's your daughter. That all the other things you've let her do—have done this. That she needs your help now as she never needed it before. Theodora—you are going to marry this boy, aren't you?

SCOTTIE: Of course, she is. We're engaged.

TEDDY: Oh, no, we're not.

GLOUCESTER: What? What do you say?

TEDDY: I'm not engaged to him.

SCOTTIE: Ted!

MARGARET: But didn't you expect to be?

TEDDY: Why should I? What good will that do? How can that change anything?

GLOUCESTER: What? At least, it's some faint hope of persuading people that you haven't quite gone to the dogs. That you wouldn't have been quite so wild as to go off with him if you weren't going to marry him. It's a very little thing, I admit. But at least, it's the only thing we can do.

SCOTTIE: Ted, listen! Come and marry me now—quick. We'll go on to another town and telephone back to your father that we've eloped.

MARGARET: That's a very good idea, Theodora—really it is. The best possible thing you could do.

GLOUCESTER: Yes, it is. Do it! And get at it now.

TEDDY: I don't want to.

GLOUCESTER: What?

TEDDY: I don't want to.

GLOUCESTER: It isn't a question of what you want—but a question of saving yourself.

TEDDY: Saving myself from what? I can take care of myself.

GLOUCESTER: So you've thought. And this is what you've got yourself into. You need me now. Why do you refuse to do the only thing there is to do? Why do you refuse to do this for my sake?

TEDDY: I'll do a good deal for your sake, dad, but I can't marry somebody I don't want to—for your sake.

GLOUCESTER: And why don't you want to marry him.

TEDDY: Because I don't love him—like that.

GLOUCESTER: You probably love him as much as you're capable of loving anybody.

TEDDY: You must let me be the judge of that. I can't marry you, Scott—I know now—I'm sorry.

MARGARET: Be careful, dear. Don't make another mistake with this serious thing.

TEDDY: I'm trying not to. Why do you ask me to marry him when I tell you I don't want to. I don't love him that way—I tell you. What has anything else got to do with it? How can you be so stupid and old-fashioned and afraid? Of course, I've done a perfectly idiotic thing and I'm just as sorry as I can be. But what has that to do with the rest of my life? What if people do talk and tell a few lies about me? I'm not going to sneak and do a trumped up thing as though I were guilty. If you can't take me home now, dad, and

hold up your head and say, "this is my daughter, and I trust her and know she hasn't done anything wrong," then I never want to go home at all.

GLOUCESTER: And if you don't obey me—if you don't do this little thing for my sake, I don't want you to come home.

MARGARET: Hubert!

GLOUCESTER: Are you going to do it?

TEDDY: No.

Teddy remains firm in spite of Aunt Margaret's and Scottie's entreaties. She and Aunt Margaret remain on the farm. The next day, Hallie, Eilene, Trevor, Scottie and Oliver come out to see Teddy and try to make her return to her father and marry Scottie. When Teddy tells them of the stranger who came in during the night, they refuse to believe her and make her promise never to tax the credulity of any other person with such a story. Even when Billy, himself, returns they refuse to believe that the evening passed as Teddy related. Finally, when they all talk to Teddy and have almost persuaded her to return to her father, Billy tells her he will help her. He will resign his job and come out and help her run the farm. Then she can be independent and hold out for her principles. So three months later, Teddy is still estranged from her father and she and Aunt Margaret and Billy are living from the proceeds of the farm.

Hallie has now circulated a story that Teddy is living out on the farm with a stranger who also spent the night at her house on the eventful evening that caused all the trouble, and that he left his job and went out to help her just with an eye to her millions. Mr. Gloucester hears the story, and goes out to the farm thoroughly incensed at Aunt

Margaret because she has permitted Teddy to fall into another scandalous affair. Aunt Margaret insists that the summer has been the making of Teddy and that Billy hasn't a mercenary thought in his head. She says Teddy and Billy love one another and she will fight for their happiness, even in opposition to Mr. Gloucester. Whereupon Mr. Gloucester starts out to find Teddy.

Billy, meantime, is in the depths of despair. It never occurred to him that Teddy's friends, who had been so uncharitable toward her, could possibly misunderstand the motives of someone who really cared for her as he did. However, he decides that under the circumstances, it would be best for him to leave. Consequently, he goes to meet Teddy to tell her his decision.

TEDDY: Billy, I've been thinking, I want money more now than I ever did in my life.

BILLY: What?

TEDDY: I want it for you. Dad has an awful lot. So you can go on with your dreams and schemes.

BILLY: My schemes will take care of themselves.

TEDDY: No, they can't. And do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to dad and tell him my pride is all gone.

BILLY: What?

TEDDY: I'm going to tell him how wonderful you are . . .

BILLY: You'll do nothing of the . . .

TEDDY: He'll be so proud of you—so glad to have me marry anyone so splendid. I'm going to him tomorrow.

His pride still smarting from the accusations of Teddy's friends, Billy accuses Teddy of merely flirting and of caring more for luxury than for him, and tells her he is going to clear out and let her be happy in the old way.

Mr. Gloucester appears on the scene. Teddy is genuinely glad to see him. He promises Teddy a trip to Europe or a yacht or anything she wants if she will come back to the old life. Teddy assures him that she can never go back—that there is only one thing in the world that she wants, and she can't have that. Aunt Margaret explains that Billy has just refused to marry Teddy and that naturally she is taking it hard. Mr. Gloucester says he would like to have a look at this strange young man, and at least to reimburse him for his services during the summer. Aunt Margaret goes to find Billy. Teddy insists she will marry him if she has to give up her father's money to do it.

GLOUCESTER: Steady, Ted, you're talking very big.

TEDDY: Billy, I'm just the way I was an hour ago, and I love you better than anything in the world. Will you marry me?

GLOUCESTER: My God!

BILLY: Ted!

MARGARET: You ask him, too, Hubert, do all you can to hold him.

GLOUCESTER: I suppose I'm turned out, am I, with all my money? Is there anything I could do—give it away—or anything to induce you to accept me as a father-in-law?

TEDDY: You leave me alone with him a minute, dad, and I'll see what I can do for you. (Mr. Gloucester and Aunt Margaret leave).

TEDDY: Billy, will you marry me?

BILLY: If you're fooling me, I'll kill you.

CURTAIN



White

Teddy

Billy

Teddy: I'm going to Dad and tell him my pride is all gone.



Moffett

ARTHUR COREY

The young dancer of the Chicago Opera, whose gilded body was the sensation of the Batik Ball, came to New York for the brief run of "It's Up to You." He is now with a new musical production, "Up in the Clouds"

MURIEL STUART

One of the solo dancers of the Pavlowa Ballet in the gaily flowered costume of a court lady in the ballet of "Amarilla." The Pavlowa organization will return in September for another tour of the country



Murray



Goldberg

VLASTA MASLOVA AND

EDMUND MAKALIF

Petrograd and New York joined hands when Vlasta Maslova, a protégée of Pavlowa and for many years a member of her ballet, and Edmund Makalif, who has been dancing in vaudeville in this country, appeared together in "It's Up To You." They are now touring the country in their Oriental dances

COLORFUL DANCES BRIGHTEN THE STAGE



Edward Thayer Monroe

RUTH CHATTERTON

Having closed her New York season as the unhappy heroine of "Mary Rose," this popular star is making an extended tour of the country in Barrie's pathetic dream-play

RITA ROMILLY

"The Tavern" having changed its leading man, naturally underwent a change of heart in regard to its leading lady. Miss Romilly, who has been identified with the Chicago production of this popular piece, plays the rôle formerly taken by Elsie Rizer.





Bachrach

PEDRO DE CORDOBA

Who plays the young sculptor in "Nemesis," enjoying an hour of music with his wife, Antoinette de Cordoba. This photograph was taken a short time before Mrs. Cordoba's death in April



C. Smith Gardner

FRANK CONROY

Who is playing the juvenile lead in "The Bad Man," is a producer of distinction among the younger men. He is the builder of the Greenwich Village Theatre. His most recent offering at that playhouse was the admirable, if gloomy, Icelandic play "Eyvind of the Hills"



MARTHA HEDMAN

Will be seen early in the Fall in the leading feminine rôle of Louis Verneuil's "Daniel." The above bas relief is the work of Hilda Kelleher



Murray

WILLY POGANY

The well-known scenic artist, a description of whose work will be found elsewhere in this issue

MAUD HOWELL

The only woman stage-manager in New York, lords it at the Booth Theatre, where she directs the stage for "The Green Goddess." Miss Howell, last year was Jessie Bonstelle's assistant director



Schwarz

OLD FAVORITES



EDWIN BOOTH

The third son of the fiery Junius Brutus Booth to become a player, Edwin Booth was the most popular, if not the greatest, actor America has yet produced. Born in 1833, he made his début at the Boston Museum in 1849, as Tressil in "Richard III." In 1851, he was seen as the Duke of Gloster, revealing unexpected powers. In California his performance of Richard aroused the greatest enthusiasm, and this triumph was repeated in New York. In 1864, he appeared at the Winter Garden as Hamlet, which he enacted for one hundred consecutive nights, the longest run any Shakespearean play had ever known in America. His last appearance on the stage was at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, April 4, 1891, as Hamlet



© Falk

LILY LANGTRY

With the possible exception of Sarah Bernhardt, this actress, now nearly seventy years of age, is better known internationally than any player now living. Born in 1852, and nicknamed "The Jersey Lily," after her birthplace, she made her first stage appearance at the London Haymarket, as Kate Hardcastle in, "She Stoops to Conquer." Becoming an immense favorite in London, where she attracted the attention of Royalty, she later came to America, touring with great success. Returning to London, she became manager of the Prince's Theatre. Subsequently, she returned to this country, her activities being equally divided between America and England

HARRY J. MONTAGUE

This matinée idol of the middle seventies came to America from England in 1874, and, joining Lester Wallack's company, at once became immensely popular with theatregoers. A clever and attractive light comedian, he made a big hit as Manuel in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man." He was a special favorite of Wallack, who surrendered to the young actor his best parts. In delicate health, he soon afterwards died in California of consumption



(Left)

CHARLES FECHTER

With the appearance of Fechter in this country, "American audiences," says H. A. Clapp, "first came in contact with an actor of great natural gifts and continental training who used the English language at his performances." He went to England in 1860, playing Hamlet in a blond wig and later came to America



MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY



BROADHURST. "MACBETH."
Tragedy by William Shakespeare.
Produced April 19, with this cast:

Duncan	Allen Thomas
Malcolm	Ernest Rowan
Donalbain	Roy Bucklee
Macbeth	Walter Hampden
Banquo	William Sauter
Macduff	J. Harry Irvine
A Porter	Hannam Clark
First Murderer	Edwin Cushman
Second Murderer	Richard Highley
Lady Macbeth	Mary Hall
Lady Macduff	Netta Sunderland
First Witch	Le Roi Operti
Second Witch	Elsie Herndon Kearns
Third Witch	Hannam Clark

WALTER Hampden is not yet a Kean. He still lacks the inspired genius that made forever memorable the thrilling, magnificent embodiments of Edwin Booth. But in intelligence, scholarly reading, seriousness of purpose, imagination and earnestness of study, he may properly be reckoned as the present leader of the American legitimate school.

The encouraging feature of his work is that each of his successive presentations of the established histrionic figures shows a distinct gain in finish and accomplishment over his previous efforts. The artistic progress is steadily manifest. This was potently shown in his production of "Macbeth," with which he inaugurated his season at the Broadhurst. It was a noble, impressive study which he gave the title rôle. Macbeth is a "straight" part, an open-minded, brave soldier, swerved from the narrow path by the super-dominance of his ambitious wife. Remorse over his bloody digressions leads him into a conscientious phase from which he turns to the defiant stage only to acknowledge finally the supremacy of the fates. Macbeth is not subtle. He is a big man, and in this view Mr. Hampden presented him, with engaging spirit and commanding resource. His tenderness for his wife was expressed with real depth of feeling. His remorse struck me as rather superficial. But there was fine dramatic sweep and movement in the impersonation, and the lines were read with an appreciative sense that brought out the full truth of their meaning and the vital beauty of the verse.

On lines established by the best traditions, Mary Hall gave a render-

ing of Lady Macbeth that stirred her audience to heights of real enthusiasm and which were well deserved.

The cast, in general, was not sterling excellence, while for imaginative effectiveness, the witch scenes have seldom been better handled.

Mr. Hampden followed "Macbeth" with "The Taming of the Shrew," and later with a remarkably fine performance of "The Merchant of Venice." Departing from tradition which, since the days of Macklin, has made Shylock a sympathetic figure, patient and resigned under the persecution of his race, Mr. Hampden's Jew is more as Shakespeare drew him, the senile, filthy, vindictive Jew, such as the groundlings liked to picture him in the middle ages. The comparative novelty of the characterization gave added interest to a performance which was vital and convincing throughout.

FULTON. "LILIOM." Play in seven scenes and a Prologue, by Franz Molnar. Produced April 20 with this cast:

Marie	Hortense Alden
Julie	Eva Le Gallienne
Mrs. Muskat	Helen Westley
"Liliom"	Joseph Schildkraut
Police Captain	Erskine Sanford
Mother Hollunder	Lilian Kingsbury
"The Sparrow"	Dudley Digges
The Richly Dressed Man	Edgar Stehli
The Poorly Dressed Man	Phillip Wood
The Magistrate	Albert Perry
Louise	Evelyn Chard

IT is with an enlarged sense of gratitude to the Theatre Guild that one comes away from "Liliom." The courage and skill attending its production of this *bizarre*, yet powerful drama by Franz Molnar, which failed in an anglicized version in London and was rejected by all the New York managers who considered it, attests handsomely to the fine taste and high purpose of the organization. The curtain-weary playgoer, accustomed to the balderdash hurled before his eyes from the most reputable sources, can only rejoice to learn, and learn definitely, that a night with the Theatre Guild has come to mean a night with the finest the theatre affords.

"Liliom," is the bad title of a re-

markably good play. It is Hungarian *argot*, for "the roughneck," and it is not entirely clear why that part of the play should not have been done into English along with the rest. If it is to brave the road, this alteration would seem to be necessary.

The Liliom of the play is the bouncer and general utility man of a carousel on the outskirts of Budapest. He is "hard-boiled" and generally a suspicious character to the police. The latter warn away from him, Julie, a servant girl, but she, with the trust and confidence born of her love for him, refuses to quit his side and goes to live with him. Despite Liliom's harshness to Julie and his beating of her, it is for her sake, and that of her coming child, that he sets out with a disreputable crony called "Sparrow," to murder and rob a cashier. They are trapped by the police, but Liliom, rather than be jailed, does himself to death with a kitchen knife.

It is then that, as predicted by "Sparrow," justice comes to him. His shade is arrested by celestial policemen, and in a diverting, yet finely delicate scene, before the Police Magistrate of Heaven—the real significance of which escapes the less thoughtful theatregoer—Liliom is sentenced to fifteen years of purgatory. At the end of that time, his soul purified by the cleansing fires, Liliom is sent back to his wife and his child for one day, to do something which may atone for his faults while among the living. But it is useless. It is the same old Liliom who steals a star from Heaven for his daughter and strikes her violently when he is angered by her. He cannot change, but, even so, the women forgive him for do they not love him?

The play is divided into eight scenes or episodes, and in those which deal with Liliom's mortal life, we have a quality of drama that rises to unusual heights. It swings and woos one with its every mood, superb in its realism, tremendous in its poetic power. The subsequent scenes, dealing with the hereafter, are intellectual rather than emotional and must suffer in consequence. They are, distinctly, treats for the intelli-

gentsia and no one else, dealing as they do with purely metaphysical matters that are for the head rather than for the heart.

The Guild has found, on the whole, an adequate cast. Joseph Schildkraut is a brilliant young actor, who is, doubtless, on the threshold of many interesting contributions to the native boards. Certain mannerisms of the German and Yiddish school of playing, scarcely acceptable to our own audiences, must be eradicated and no doubt will be. Eva Le Gallienne is a sympathetic, colorful, but too refined a Julie. Her cultured tone and general manner suggests Radcliffe rather than Zorn, but she is a serious, lovely-looking little actress who will soon find herself in a rôle better suited to her personality. Dudley Digges is an amusing and finished "Sparrow." This part will count among the best stage portraits this excellent actor has yet shown us. Helen Westley's remarkable versatility is seen at its best as Mrs. Muskat. She gives, perhaps, the truest picture of the lot.

GEO. M. COHAN'S. "TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE." Musical play in 3 acts. Book by Fred Jackson. Music by Paul Lannin and Vincent Tommans. Produced May 3, with this cast:

Dolly Sartoris	Madeline Fairbanks
Polly Sartoris	Marion Fairbanks
Robert Barker	Oscar Shaw
Jerry Lloyd	Fred Santley
Morgan Atwell	Olin Howland
Harriette Neville	Emma Janvier
Ninon La Fleur	Julia Kelety
Captain Morrow	Stanley Jessup
Jennings	Jack Tomson
Kennedy	Tommy Tomson
Margie	Evelyn Law
Ophelia	Patricia Clarke
Mary Bird	Edith Decker
The Bride	Beulah McFarland

WITHOUT the Fairbanks twins, this summer show probably would be no better and no worse than any other musical show. With them it has the "punch" that a few drops of forbidden fluid can give to a summer drink. For the rest, it is a skillfully blended summer beverage, made up of familiar ingredients, which pleases but does not intoxicate.

The story is a variation of the mistaken identity theme, a plot that was old when Plautus first borrowed it, but is no less entertaining for that. The twins, seeking a distant estate, take passage on a boat for India, traveling as an entity. Sharing a stateroom and taking care that only

one of them is ever seen at a time, they make the trip on a single ticket since they cannot afford two. Two youths fall in love with them, believing them to be one girl. Complications enliven the rest of the voyage.

The twins have nothing much to do but love and be loved through three acts, but they do this successfully. Both are pretty, dainty and clever, and both dance well. One is a little prettier than the other, and the other a trifle more clever than the one, but only a Bertillion could tell which is which.

The show is not without exceptional qualities. For one thing, there is nothing in it that would shock a high school girl and comparatively little that would shock her mother. It seemed surprising, too, that with a stage set with so many adjacent cabins, the author was able to resist the inevitable temptation to introduce a bedroom farce complex into the plot.

Evelyn Law is able to captivate with dancing of an order seldom seen on the dance-mad highway. Olin Howland, comedian of the show, is funny at times, but not frequently.

The girls of the chorus, though they are collectively burdened with the title of "Personality Contingent," are not the least important factor in the success of the show. There is not a girl in the chorus who fails to qualify as a beauty and more than one of them shows evidences of ability to rise far above the level even of a personality contingent. The music is catchy and some of it, in spite of modernistic trend, is musical. "Two Little Girls in Blue," is staged by Ned Wayburn.

KNICKERBOCKER. "JUNE LOVE." Musical play in 2 acts. Book by Otto Harbach and W. H. Post. Music by Rudolph Friml. Produced April 25, with this cast:

Tiny Golden	Lois Josephine
Mrs. Martia Golden	Martha Mayo
Bobbie Foster	Clarence Nordstrom
Geoffrey Love	James Billings
Jack Garrison	W. B. Davidson
Eddie Evans	Johnny Dooley
Mrs. June Love	Else Alder
Belle Bolton	Bertee Beaumonte
Thompson	Lionel Pape

"JUNE LOVE" replaces "Mary" at the Knickerbocker Theatre, and goes ahead of it in several points.

The plot, to be sure, is not much, but it suffices for a framework. There is a lot of clever, snappy dialogue, and almost no drivel; Brian Hooker's lyrics are delightful in their

rhymes, their rhythms, and their use of lilting words that are an inspiration to a real light-opera composer; and Rudolph Friml has set them to tunes, never commonplace, and if at times reminiscent, they are only so of his former ones.

The cast contains several people who can sing. This is particularly true of Else Alder who is a prima donna with a voice, a knowledge how to use it, and a lot of charm and ability as an actress to go with it. She gives pleasure to the eye, the ear and the mind, whenever she is on the stage. Her song, *Dear Love, My Love*, is effective and should be popular; but the duet, *I'm Not in Love with You*, which she sings with Mr. Davidson, is even better. Mr. Davidson, by the way, is a very personable lover, with a pleasant voice; and he does some good comedy work in a serious manner.

Lois Josephine is a most winsome and engaging debutante, and she plays havoc with the heart of Clarence Nordstrom, who is funny as an undergrown caveman.

Bertee Beaumonte is a vamp of the vamps, *bizarre* and full of deviltry as they make them, and she does a character dance that is a wonder.

Johnny Dooley's voice is almost as funny as his legs, both of which always seem to be playing strange tricks with him. He has his fair share, but by no means a monopoly of the comedy, which is of an unforced and bubbling quality.

COMEDY. "JUST MARRIED." Farce comedy by Adelaide Mathews and Ann Nichols. Produced April 26, with this cast:

Mrs. Johnnie Walker	Eleanor Ladd
Second Steward	Robert Harrigan
Victoire Bertin	Eliz Gergely
Ship's Officer	Roy Foster
Mr. U. Witter	Jess Dandy
Mrs. U. Witter	Isabel O'Madigan
First Steward	R. P. Davis
Mrs. Jac. Stanley	Dorothy Mortimer
Jack Stanley	John Butler
Percy Jones	Purnell Pratt
Robert Adams	Lynne Overman
Miss Roberta Adams	Vivian Martin

"JUST Married," is another ordinary, cut-to-pattern bedroom farce, the bedroom this time being a stateroom-de-luxe on an Atlantic liner.

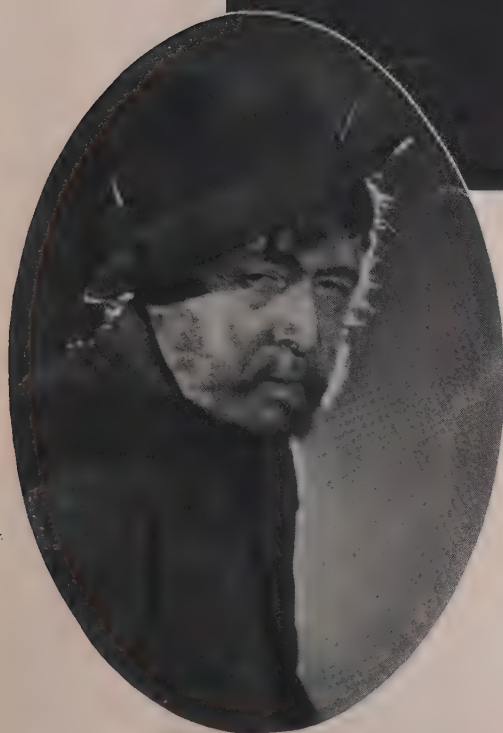
The play is lifted out of the ordinary, however, by the presence in the cast of Lynne Overman, an expert farceur who is a constant and continuous joy. He is able to project

(Continued on page 60)



EVA LE GALLIENNE
and
EVELYN CHARD

Mother and child in "Liliom." As the "roughneck's" mate, Miss Le Gallienne shows rather too much refinement for the dramatist's Zorn-like heroine, but her performance has a fine spiritual quality which entitles it to rank with the best seen this season



Photos Schwarz

HELEN WESTLEY

Who as Mrs. Muskat, the irascible amorous carousel proprietress, contributes another of her inimitable type portraits to the contemporary stage

DUDLEY DIGGES

As "Sparrow," the tramp who incites Liliom to attempt the murder of the factory paymaster



REALISTIC TYPES IN MOLNAR'S NOTEWORTHY PLAY "LILIOM"

THE HEARTBREAK OF ACTING

Every role so real that it scars the emotions. An interview with

ETHEL BARRYMORE



SINCE 1895, when Ethel Barrymore was obliged to forego her plans to become a famous pianist, because the family fortunes insisted that she get a job, till now, 1921, she has multiplied the emotions. Born an aristocrat among artists she has fulfilled tradition. In 1895, Ethel Barrymore was a young miss of fifteen. Great plans had been made to send her to Germany and Russia to complete her musical education. She was tall for her age, slender. In the dawn of her womanhood she was a rather stiff, awkward girl. Someone remembers her on her way to her first step as an actress, dressed in a very plain little dress, a single plait down her back, standing on the station platform, beside a small trunk severely marked with the initials "E. B., Notre Dame Academy." She was leaving school to become an actress, in her grandmother's company. It was one of those periodic events in the career of old Mrs. Drew, the dowager queen of this aristocratic stage family, when she indulged in a tour of her famous part, Mrs. Malaprop, in "The Rivals." There was no part for E. B. in the play. Sheridan had neglected to write one in, but Mrs. Drew put in a few lines, so that her granddaughter might earn a small salary. It was her first lesson in the hard school of life, where much that we learn begins with disappointment.

IN view of the fact that Ethel Barrymore's career was imposed upon her by this first lesson in sacrifice, it is with added degree of admiration that one reviews the zenith of her fame. While many embellish her success with qualities that she has inherited from the Drews, it is possible that her real identity is a crystallization of her father. Maurice Barrymore was the handsomest man on the stage of his time, the best of sports, broad-minded, the most brilliant of those inspired artists, of a day when actors were intellectually interesting. She inherits many fascinating qualities that were essentially his, those fine human sweeps of emotional strength which his beautiful voice could manage so well, that rugged simplicity of wide sympathy with all sorts of people and conditions, that ever twinkling eye of humor in the face of cold fact. He belonged to a period when there was a Bohemia that instructed and interpreted artistic feeling, himself always the most brilliant leader of those gatherings, in the early morning of an inspiring afterglow of the theatre. If you remember Maurice Barrymore, the art of Ethel Barrymore is explained by the association. If not, then remember the many emotional impulses she has inspired, and the many delightful comedy moods of her stage experience and you will get an impression of her father.

She made her debut with her grandmother, in a part that Sheridan did not write in his play, "The Rivals," at the Academy of Music, Montreal. Her first appearance in New York was in "The Bauble Shop." At a moment's

notice she was obliged to replace Elsie De Wolfe. She was scarcely sixteen. John Drew and Maude Adams were in it; Arthur Byron was the juvenile; J. E. Dodson was the character man. In her mind she had only one hope, which was to save up \$500 to take her to Europe for her musical education. The gown she had to wear was several sizes too large for her, but such a trifle did not disturb her. Her mother had taught her it was not what one wears, but how one acts, that counts. Charles Frohman, with deep lines of care on his face, took an anxious seat in front. The least disturbed member of the company was the child actress, wearing a long dress and playing the part of a sophisticated woman of the world. She had perfect self-possession, the poise of a fatalist. She took the high hurdle in front of her like a thoroughbred.

IT was not the love of the Theatre that made Ethel Barrymore an actress, it was the accident of birth, plus all the inherited sensibilities of intelligence and artistic inclination. She did what her family told her to do, and she needed money. When she made her first appearance in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," at the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, there was an anxious moment. Just as the curtain was about to be lifted, the young star, with distracted economic nerves, held the curtain while she sent for the manager. He came hurriedly to see what was the matter.

"I haven't any money," she said timidly, "do you think you could let me have five dollars until salary day?"

"Five dollars?" gasped the manager, "do you know how many people there are in the house?"

She looked through the curtain peephole expecting to see an empty house.

"Here's your five dollars," said the manager giving her ten times as much, and handing her a program on which her name was starred.

ETHEL BARRYMORE'S vanity has never been an object in her work. She has that fine contempt for egotism, that dread of failure that all artists have, with every new adventure. The stage is a work room, acting a profession, a living.

"Go on the stage, and God bless you, especially if it's a matter of earning a living," she advises all aspirants.

Many things have happened in the theatre since her first great success in "Captain Jinks," but the Ethel Barrymore of a time when she was the belle of New York, the international mystery of society reporters who saw in her some new matrimonial prospect with the nobility abroad, has not changed, except to grow more radiant in the glow of the intervening years. She has the indestructible beauty of emotional life, the wistful look of

eternal dreams, the heart tones in her voice of deep appreciation. She is so unlike any other woman of her time on the stage, that there is something queer about the subdued forces of her genius.

"To say a person is queer," she said, "is the finest compliment, because to be queer is to have ideas, to have a fresh outlook on things. One must multiply one's emotions."

She always has that puzzled air of a child when it is trying to understand, what to the grown-up philosophy seems so simple. She has not settled her observation of people, and things in the world in general.

"I don't know why people have always been so good to me," she said, referring to her stage success. "It's a heart-breaking thing to act."

Her tears have always been real, she does not belong to the cynical side of experience.

"I believe in the monologue, many of us indulge in it too little. I am sure most men talk to themselves, all women do. During all the long, lonely journeys in empty parlor cars I always talked things over with myself. I suppose I'm like the old Irish woman who talked to her cat, to the walls, to the weather out of the window. She was a monologist by force of circumstances, she had to have someone she could talk to frankly, and why not herself?"

IT was in the silences that we grew up. "Not in the noisy moods," she said, "and how can you feel deeply without bringing tears to the eyes, since the acting hour is also a living hour?" she added.

The most trying part of an actress's life is the necessity of never looking tired. No matter how tired one might be it is forbidden for an actress. This is one of the few hypocrisies of the stage life, as she lived it.

Every rôle has been so real that it scarred the emotions, and left something to be found out about life, the task of emotional understanding was never finished. Always the original attack of feeling, about the most trivial things. For instance, the question, now almost settled, of the cigarette for women.

"I always think of that delightful Irishman who defended the idea of using tobacco for women," she said. "When he was asked about it he said, 'All women should smoke because it makes them kind and manly.'"

Since those first tests in acting in 1895, between then and now, the road had been one of perpetual triumph. The plays were important, but there was that in Ethel Barrymore which was more important, the distinction of personal appeal that grows stronger as the years pass. There was, after "Captain Jinks," "Belinda," "The Off Chance," "Mid-Channel," "Tante," "The Shadow," "Alice-sit-by-the-Fire," and "The Twelve Pound Look," a Galsworthy play, "The Silver Box," "Camille," "Déclassée," and "Clair de Lune." Each of them had (Continued on page 62)

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



(Center)

VIOLET KEMBLE COOPER

The outstanding hit in Michael Strange's play, "Clair de Lune," which served for the joint appearance at the Empire Theatre of Ethel and John Barrymore, was the degenerate Dutchess of Beaumont, acted by Violet Kemble Cooper. This young actress is a scion of one of the most famous families on the English stage. A daughter of the late Frank Kemble Cooper, her forebears have been actors and actresses for many generations. Miss Cooper herself is well known on the stage in this country. She was for several seasons a prominent member of Laurette Taylor's company, appearing in particularly striking rôles in "Peg o' My Heart" and "Happiness." Later, she appeared with William Gillette in Barrie's "Dear Brutus" at the Empire Theatre

(Left)

MARY FOWLER

A young actress who has recently shown great promise in a classic rôle. After noticing her work in the trying ingenue part in "The Woman of Bronze," Miss Anglin honored her by selecting her to play the title rôle of "Iphigenia in Aulis"—a part which she herself had played in earlier revivals—and she had no reason to regret her choice, for Miss Fowler won the praise of all the critics for her sympathetic acting and intelligent reading of the part



Charlotte Fairchild

ELEANOR WOODRUFF

From Philadelphia to success on Broadway by way of the movies and the Ziegfeld Follies—that, in barest outline, is the record of this handsome young woman who as Grace Lonarby in "Nemesis" won favorable notice from every critic in town. Miss Woodruff was leading woman with Otis Skinner in "Mister Antonio"



© Moffett

STUART SAGE

Who plays Brooks in "The Bat" was born in South Dakota. After completing his studies at a military academy, he went on the stage, making his début as the country boy in "Old Lady 31." This, however, was cut short by the war. While overseas with the A. E. F., Mr. Sage met Mary Roberts Rinehart, and at her invitation accepted a part in "The Bat," which he has played with marked success



Campbell Studio

ON May 1, at the Metropolitan Opera House, the Actors' Equity gave its annual show, nearly one thousand stars of stage and screen taking part, a wonderful galaxy of the most conspicuous talent of the American theatre. In point of size and standing of the cast it was the largest performance ever given in New York. Practically every star in town and out took part, from Lillian Russell to the Duncan



sisters. The program consisted of "Waltz Madness," a miniature musical comedy, "The Equity Kindergarten," staged by Leon Errol, "You Must Come Over," a satire on movies and stage, "You Turn It," a novelty staged by Frank Craven, "Dance Carnival" and a Shakespearean pageant, which proved the climax to the superb spectacle. Hassard Short staged the show. The performance, which netted \$40,000, was repeated the following Sunday.

Photos Apeda



WILTON LACKAYE
as Henry VIII

(Left)
FRANK BACON
*as Prospero in
"The Tempest"*

GEORGE ARLISS
as Shylock



ALL STAR SHAKESPEAREAN PAGEANT



TYRONE POWER
as *Macbeth*

ALMA RUBENS
as *Cordelia*

Photos Apeda



HELEN WARE
as *Lady Macbeth*



Hermione; John Drew as Petruchio; Florence Reed as Cleopatra; Genevieve Tobin as Ariel; Peggy Wood as Imogen; Martha Hedman as Desdemona; Norma Talmadge and Marion Davies as Mistress Page and Mistress Ford; Elsie Ferguson as Titania, and Nance O'Neil who, as "Memories," spoke the Bard's lines

A SENSATION OF EQUITY'S BIG SHOW

SAM HARDY
as Malvolio in "Twelfth
Night"



Photos Apeda



JANE COWL
as Katherine in "Taming
of the Shrew"



CONWAY TEARLE
as Orlando in "As You
Like It"

CHRYSTAL HERNE
as Viola in "Twelfth Night"

EQUITY MEMBERS IN CLASSIC ROLES

MOTION PICTURE SECTION



Portrait by Louis Nathan

CONSTANCE BINNEY

When Elsie Ferguson appeared on the stage in "Such a Little Queen" she could hardly shrink into the physical proportions of the rôle. Transposed to the screen, the title just fits Constance Binney. For the present, she is devoting her energies to making the pictures easier to watch

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By FRANK VREELAND



BY common consent of the producers the photoplays during the past month might be said to be largely pictorial, in contradistinction to the hot-house film with its intensive cultivation of the emotions. The action languishes while history parades past in its Sunday best. Again, the picture exhibits *bizarre* settings, and has the appearance of being all hand-made. Photographic effects sometimes take the place of drama, and sunset with an aureole of light around the heroine's fluffy hair, occasionally seems to be more important than the question of who killed cock robin. Or most of the personality is injected into the movie by towering mountains and other exaggerated scenery.

In a word, the directors seem to have grown aware again after ten years, that the films are something of a novelty. But the public is quite willing to accept this objective treatment of cinema themes after having endured congestion of the brain through pictures in which the heroine plants herself before the camera and lets all her emotions run riot for five minutes on end without pausing even for the elemental duty of powdering her nose.

DECEPTION" reveals the greatest Tudor king of England putting his worst foot forward. This film epic by Ernst Lubitsch, already famous as the creator of "Passion," dealing in no gentle fashion with Henry VIII's shabby treatment of Anne Boleyn and demonstrating that the aphorism that there's no fool like an old fool holds true of kings, has scarcely a sympathetic character in it, even though the producer has erased Anne's own plottings with one wave of his all-powerful megaphone. But what a glamorous spectacle it is—like a Cook's tour to Shakespearean London! Who cares if bluff King Hal is an old rip and Anne a whitewashed schemer, so long as Henry rides furiously to hounds, the lords and ladies of his court play at racquets amid a garden that would soothe one to sleep, the knights joust in a spirited tournament and fall off their horses as gracefully as possible in their encasing hardware, and Anne is crowned in Westminster Abbey with pomp and circumstance that one would stand all day in the rain to view in actuality.

One of the finest manifestations of acting seen on the screen in years is done by Emil Jannings, who played King Louis of France, in "Passion," and who does the lustful, faithless, full-blooded King practically with every vein of his body. His consummate naturalness overshadows Henny Porten, who seems fitted best for pictures of pale moonlight. She is rather ineptly coquettish at the start, and constantly worried about her fate throughout most of the picture—apparently having read the history books—but in the end she rises to truly tragic heights and goes out with more than a photographic halo. Some may say that the picture moves slowly, and is too much like a Burton Holmes' travelogue, but so long as it shows scenes like that of the water carnival, one doesn't care whether it moves at all.

JUDGING from the William Fox production of "The Queen of Sheba," when King Solomon wasn't busy waging war and dispensing wisdom, he was occupied in receiving delegations from other countries, while his own populace cheered more demonstratively than we do when the President passes. One such deputation he greeted was led by the Queen of Sheba, and thereupon Solomon lost his head and his reputation for wisdom. It's hard to understand why a man with 1,000 wives and a keen intelligence should want one more. But in the story developed by Virginia Tracy from historical allusions and the imagination, he woos her and then has to rescue, in a hurricane battle, the child of their love, a little boy who bears a closer resemblance to the teacher's pet than to a royal scion.

It is a massive and well-ordered spectacle in which the costumes and the battlemented background, with caravans winding across the desert, and horsemen dashing wildly through the night, strike the eye so hard one almost forgets that the real drama frequently buries its head in the sand. There is a highly exciting chariot race between women, the most thrilling contest staged for the camera, that makes one pant for "Ben-Hur" on the screen. It matters not that such races were unknown in Solomon's times—one throws discretion to the winds and roots for the Queen of Sheba to win the Jerusalem Futurity. J. Gordon Edwards has directed a slashing combat in the palace and the tower of David, though it must be confessed that when the desert horsemen went swirling up the winding stairs of the tower on horseback, one was more concerned about their toppling over the railing than their winning the battle.

Betty Blythe is voluptuously handsome and moves with stately deliberation, but, instead of an Oriental queen, she suggests a "Follies" girl surrounded by every luxury. Fritz Leiber plays Solomon with the distinctive dramatic poise to be expected of him, though in somewhat too pale a make-up, possibly to denote the strain of being wise.

IN "Dream Street," David W. Griffith has become lost a bit in the mist of the falls that end "Way Down East." This semi-allegorical story, picturing the struggle between good and evil, suggested by a couple of Thomas Burke's Limehouse stories, but acknowledging strict allegiance to no time or clime, seems to be more photography than Griffith. A violinist, with a beautiful mask hiding a diabolical face, is supposed to incite the slum dwellers to evil, though it takes the form mainly of a kind of nervous wriggling. The rivalry between two brothers, one a swaggering sport and the other a weakling, for the hand of a music hall dancer, has moments of charm and inspiration, but it ends in the baths of a noble benefactor making everyone happy and giving the sport and the girl a chance to accumulate a baby and a kitten. If he produces "Faust," Griffith will have to do better than the papier-mache inferno in this picture. But a dash of colored scenes and synchronized phonographs make some incidents vocal, give the picture a show for the money.

THE PASSION FLOWER" gives Norma Talmadge an exceptional opportunity to show that her features are histrionic as well as decorative. Herbert Brenon has squeezed the last drop of vital fluid from Jacinto Benavente's Spanish play and poured it on the screen, and while following the original carefully, he has embellished it atmospherically and artistically almost beyond recognition. For those who saw Nance O'Neil's performance, the focus has been diverted from mother to daughter, muffling the real tragedy, but Miss Talmadge makes her rôle as the secret lover of her step-father, whose coquetry incites to murder, stand out with such vividness that one feels the Freudian complexes of Castilian damsels are remarkably virulent.

EVERY family will want to adopt Jackie Coogan, now a star on his own, even though he pours ants down his pa's neck in "Peck's Bad Boy." The story wrought by Sam Wood from Col. Peck's well-known books, ambles along through circus and railroad collision episodes after the fashion of a small boy wandering around town, and the excessively clever sub-titles by Irvin Cobb smack of Irvin Cobb, the infant prodigy. But no one can resist the droll eyes and impish ways of the naïve youngster who made his first hit in "The Kid," and who bears his honors so lightly that he seems to love untidy clothes.

Virginia Faire has the distinction of appearing in that rarity, a Kipling photoplay. She is the lovely, unsanctioned Indian bride in "Without Benefit of Clergy"



(Below)

Emil Jannings is said to be an American, but he can play a king better than most Europeans born to the job. Here he is having Anne Boleyn—who is Henny Porten in private life—crowned in Westminster Abbey in the coruscating spectacle, "Deception"



BLUFF KING HAL IN STIRRING FILM



Fritz Lieber turned from the straight and harrow path of Shakespearean repertoire long enough to play the gorgeous and love-smitten King Solomon in "The Queen of Sheba"



Nickolas Murray

Catherine Calvert, widow of the late Paul Armstrong, playwright, has brought genuine appeal and good looks to the camera



Edward Thayer Monroe

Hope Hampton at last has her own company and is starring in the new Fannie Hurst picture, "Star Dust"

STARS OF THE SILVER SCREEN

THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE



The versatility of the University of Minnesota players, in the use of an ordinary box set is aptly demonstrated in the scene (above) from "The Maker of Dreams," and (right) "Suppressed Desires," where the use of the paint brush, plus imagination and very little else in the way of properties, happily combined to create these two charming stage pictures. Play production at the University of Minnesota is under the direction of Ariel Macnaughton.



"A Thousand Years Ago," Percy Mackay's whimsical Chinese play, presented by the "Play Box" Theatre of the University of Minnesota, under the direction of Ariel Macnaughton.

The University of Minnesota and Its Little Theatre Activities

THE "Play Box" Theatre was evolved at the University of Minnesota by the Masquers' Dramatic Club to permit of road trips through the northern mining towns of the State. This club, with its sixty members and its tradition of twenty-five years of dramatic existence, decided that the fantasy and charm of Percy Mackaye's play, "A Thousand Years Ago," would be a contrast to the usual movie fare of the Iron Range. But the school auditoriums and town halls of the North held stages of varying possibilities and difficulties. So the "Play Box" was built, able to convert any hall into a theatre at brief notice.

On the Express wagon it looked like a great black coffin. It was a box seven feet long by three feet wide, roped for travelling. Expressed ahead this greeted the Company from the centre of the stage on their arrival at a new town like an old friend. But there was no sentimental waste in the "Play Box." The ropes about it supported the curtains during a performance. The top of the box, when lifted out, had four legs and served in Act 2 as a couch for the sleeping prince. From the wonder box came neutral grey curtains and bundles of plumber's piping which, when adjusted in short lengths, supported changes of curtain. A central hanging with the aid of decoration was reversible and made the difference in the background. In Act I it was painted as a gate. Behind it a blue sky drop backing had conventional mandarin roofs. Reversed, the hanging was painted to suggest the doorway of the harem. Another drapery and panel used later made a Chinese throne room. From the box came still other treasures—costumes for the entire cast, draperies, programs, make-up case, three stools, a gong, four Chinese lanterns and three cushions! The bottom of the "Play Box" served as a dais for the throne room by the addition of reversible draperies. The color scheme in decoration and costume was Chinese blue and mandarin red and orange against grey. And, best of all, all changes in the set could be made in three minutes.

The mining towns made requests this year for a return engagement. Pipestone in the western corner of Minnesota heard of the road trip and engaged "Play Box" and Players for the inauguration of the new High School—an event of interest to Pipestone.

THERE are six dramatic Clubs at the University of Minnesota; The Masquers, organized 1896; The Players Club, founded in 1913; The Agricultural Dramatic Club, 1906; The Garrick (all men), 1913; Paint and Patches (all women), in 1920, and the Dramatic Union, an organization for waiting list, 1920. These clubs function as a Little Theatre Group and put on frequent programs in the University Little Theatre under the guidance of the Director. Their policies are to put before the public plays that the commercial theatre does not present. They study plays, encourage playwriting and bring lecturers and

producers to the campus. They build up a theatre audience for the worthwhile plays of the local stock company and the city theatre. Mr. Sam Hume, formerly Director of the Arts and Crafts Theatre in Detroit, gave one of the lectures this past winter. The plays for the current year include: "Androcles and the Lion," "Hobson's Choice," "Joint Owners in Spain," "The Professor's Love Story," "Suppressed Desires," "Within the Zone," "Bound East for Cardiff," "Fluerette and Company," "David Garrick," "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," "The Gods of the Mountain," "The Workhouse Wards," "The Florentine Tragedy," "The Test," "The Double Tenth"—A Chinese Play (translated by Chinese students); "Simoon," "Caesar and Cleopatra," over fifty plays of literary merit having in the past few years, been presented to the Minneapolis public by these clubs—a worthwhile achievement.

Perhaps the most interesting feature is the Workshop. This Dramatic "Green Room," furnished by the students in black and violet and orange, has on its tables, theatre publications of one sort or another. At one end of the room stands a large Model theatre with Kuppel Horizont and complete electric equipments and dimmers for experiment. There, too, the interested visitor will see twelve little box stages with model settings. Round the walls is the pictorial history of the plays that have been put on in the past.

THE actual construction of scenery has been provided for in the scene painting loft. There in the vasty depths of a large attic painting and construction are carried on. Even the beginnings of a property costume cupboard have been made. One permanent grey set interior and a set of grey hangings have served as background for some twelve plays. Vivid red Chinese tapestries made by gilding a dragon on a black background and hanging it on a mandarin red cambric banner gave a Chinese atmosphere to one play. In the photograph on page 41 the Pierrot and Pierrette set in black and white cost two dollars. The expense budget called for black paint and white cambric. The curtains and screen had black checks painted on them—the table covers had stripes—and the costumes, checks and stripes. The two moons were lighted from behind, the scene was flooded with rainbow colors for variety—and something of design was achieved for the "Maker of Dreams" play at a cost of two dollars! On a stage fourteen feet—with an alcove of nine feet—the staging of Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," seemed to present a difficulty. But by building a Compo-board Roman gate over the alcove in front of the grey walls of the stage and backing the gate with an Italian blue circular sky drop, Act I—"Without a City Wall"—was achieved. Against the blue sky the rich scarlet and gold of the standard and the Imperial purple and old gold of the costumes gave warm color effects. The vivid greens and blues of the Roman costumes were made

of dyed cheese cloth—Androcles in old blue with orange hair and an orange cat in his arms, was a lovely bit of color. "Anyone can stage anything with a minimum of expense and maximum of beauty—there is a way!" is the slogan of the Minnesota students and directors. The Coliseum scene of this play was equally simple and inexpensive. The alcove hung with a high scarlet curtain (Tyrian purple), was masked with Roman columns. They were really pillars made by bending cardboard circular fashion to two wooden supports! The scarlet flannelette used in the curtain had a border of circular disks in black and gold (just paint and paper). The color of the grey Coliseum walls and the vivid scarlet arras was effective. An actual photograph of the Coliseum guided the students in centralizing one feature for the set—the back of the Emperor's box. The throne scene took place here. The problem of the play, however, was to bring the Lion to the centre, on a stage that had a group of twenty people, and yet let his entrance be unobserved by the audience! By flashing sunlight on a gold eagle standard, the eyes of the audience were attracted to a far corner—an old psychological trick—and not one soul in the three audiences saw the Lion come on the stage until he pounced on Androcles and the rest of the court cleared in the twinkling of an eye. Green light from the foot at a certain spot was made to enhance the warm green of the costume of Ferrovius, the great strong man of the play. By the brilliance of his appearance the dominance and strength of the part were enhanced. These are simple means of staging a play that many amateurs leave untouched because of apparent staging difficulties.

WHAT is the principle the students work on? In staging Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," it seemed as if the Scotch paisley shawl held the psychological colors of the play. The warm fire and orange of the shawl suggested the Scotch intensity and passion—the blue-green and black of the border, something of the granite coldness of its reserve and seriousness. Such a color scheme served as a starting point. The dull blue-green of the wall paper, the black horse-hair furniture, and the flowered orange dress of Maggie were simple, effective, and stimulating in the realization. No sets or costumes have cost in total materials and labor over fifty dollars for any play. Twelve dollars is the average expenditure.

In 1920 the University of Minnesota appointed a resident director of Little Theatre activities—and assistants. Their work has been to direct Laboratory experiments in the theatre Arts and train classes in producing. In the last two years some twenty-two trained directors and teachers have been sent out to serve the State. They coach in high schools and community houses. Each student for graduation must coach a play in a Minneapolis church, school, or social centre, as the call comes.

(Continued on page 58)

Dramatics at St. Mark's School



In Baptista's garden; a scene from "The Taming of the Shrew," presented by the students of St. Mark's School, under the direction of Chauncey L. Parsons.

THE prospect of turning from the traditional and successful performance of modern farce-comedy to the entirely problematical reproduction of Shakespeare, rather jolted the school. Even the most audaciously aspiring souls among the one hundred and fifty boys that comprise the student body at St. Mark's, felt that it was like inviting a confirmed sybarite from his customary vapor bath into the chill reality of a cold shower. With an apprehensive shiver, however, the boys finally elected to give Shakespeare a chance to prove his reputation.

Although only fifty-five candidates appeared for trials instead of the eighty-five who presented themselves the year before when "Seven Keys to Baldpate" was the bill, be it said immediately that the event justified the choice. Shakespeare's reputation suffered no set-back in undergraduate opinion, and many who originally scoffed, later had the independence to assert that they preferred "The Taming of the Shrew" to "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

The choice fell upon this particular comedy for several definite reasons. Its various rôles fitted available talent in the school. It was not too familiar in the classroom. It was comparatively short, and could be easily cut to dimensions that would fatigue neither the actors in learning it nor the audience in listening to it.

In fact, the pruning knife was so vigorously applied that the final curtain descended exactly two hours after the first curtain rose. By the transposition of two episodes, the comedy was played in five acts, only the fourth being divided into two scenes. Act I, a street in Padua, served to introduce all the suitors of Bianca and Katherine. Acts II and III, in Baptista's garden, advanced through Petruchio's wedding. Act IV presented events in Petruchio's house. Act V, again in the garden, wound up Bianca's intrigue and gave Katherine a chance to read her lecture on wifely submission.

THE necessity for brief *entr'acte* pauses spoke imperatively. Nevertheless, although the scenery must be simple and easily handled, it must also be varied and suggestive. On an almost microscopic and mechanically inadequate stage, this was a large order. As it worked out, however, the longest *entr'acte* lasted only five minutes.

The walls for Baptista's garden were built

permanently. A strip elevated eighteen inches extended across the rear of the stage. This passage was separated from the fore-stage by three wide arches. A window in the wall behind offered a view of the sea and the shore in the remoter distance. Each side wall had a plain doorway curtained with orange silesia. The pillars were painted a bluish-gray, and the walls were a smudge of yellow, green, blue, and red, blended into a cheerful but not overwhelming chromatic effect. For the first act, a special drop was painted, representing the exterior of Baptista's house. This drop, hung before the garden arches, was bundled out at the end of the street scene, and the stage-hands had only to hustle on a fountain to mask the right entrance, four cedar trees for the corners of the stage, a garden bench, two yellow jars to flank the steps, and two flaming vines to twine the pillars behind the jars. So effective was this set that the spectators spontaneously complimented its creators by a round of applause before the dialogue began. The trans- (Continued on page 58)



The scenery and lighting effects for this interesting production of "The Taming of the Shrew" were entirely the work of eight of the boys of St. Mark's School, at Southborough, Mass.

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

Community Service, Inc.

A JOB is being done up Boston way which is in a sense a road breaker for community drama everywhere. For it points the way—to discerning folk the only way—towards raising the standards of play selection, amateur play and pageantry production, and stagecraft generally. It also demonstrates to communities a practical method of increasing the resources of the people in obtaining volunteer dramatic leadership.

It is quite possible for any town or city to adapt this Boston plan for its own specific use, providing a dramatic expert is secured to serve as leader.

An essential first step is a dramatic survey of the community. Co-operation from local chambers of commerce may readily be enlisted for this if the community concerned desires to have the ground already for the planting. While this is by no means a complicated venture it is a definite piece of work and must be approached scientifically.

As done by Miss Joy M. Higgins, director of the Dramatic Department of Boston Community Service, it consists in the sending of a dramatic questionnaire to individuals interested in possible dramatic activities and also prominent local organizations including churches, schools, settlements, libraries, trade unions, stores and factories, together with a personal follow up in many cases where returns are not prompt.

The purpose of this questionnaire is to determine what dramatic work, if any, is being done by local organizations and what assistance, if any, may be desired, and also to ascertain facts concerning the dramatic work of individuals, little theatre groups, experimental players and members of all local amateur dramatic societies, and find out what people are available for volunteer dramatic leadership, and how many desire the training course.

The need for dramatic directors becomes increasingly urgent in communities small and large from Maine to California, so live is the interest in drama growing. And how to secure competent leaders! That is the problem Boston Community Service is endeavoring to solve, by means of a School for the Training of Dramatic Leaders. Established by Miss Higgins in the Spring of 1920, the school has already demonstrated its worth to the city having trained nearly seventy workers, the large majority of whom volunteered their services to the community in staging and producing the long series of Pilgrim plays and pageants of 1920. With the recent production of Lady Gregory's play, "The Full Moon," students of the school closed their last five weeks' session and plans are now under way for the fall session.

A nominal charge to each student is made of \$2.00 per week for the five weeks' intensive course to cover a percentage of the costs. Only recognized authorities and dramatic experts are employed on the teaching staff, thus students of community drama have a rare opportunity.

Professor George P. Baker of Harvard "47 Workshop," is serving as chairman of the Advisory Committee of this Community Service School, or "institute," and has on his committee the following members: Dr.



Mary Comstock as "Cracked Mary" in Lady Gregory's imaginative play "The Full Moon," presented by the students of a School for the Training of Dramatic Leaders, Established in Boston by Community Service, Inc.

Richard Cabot, Miss Ruth Delano, Mrs. Edwin Holt James, Mrs. Margaret S. Jameson, Mr. Joseph Linden Smith, Mr. Thomas W. Watson, Mrs. Eva Riling White and Mr. Joseph Lee.

Miss Katharine Searle, playwright and formerly reader for Winthrop Ames, in the Toy Theatre; Mr. Oliver Larkin, Instructor in fine arts at Harvard, Mr. Frank Carson, Miss Virginia Tanner, Professor Henry Hunt Clark of Boston Museum of Fine Arts and Miss Joy Higgins, comprised the teaching staff of the recent session. For information relating to future sessions address Miss Joy Higgins, Community Service of Boston, 10 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

The course is open to men and women engaged in some form of dramatic work who desire further technical knowledge, and to those who contemplate dramatic directing. People out of Boston may enroll and they may be of any age, nationality, trade or profession.

"The Full Moon" is an exceedingly difficult play—a test of the student of dramatics from every viewpoint. It is a little comedy enacted on an Irish Railway station. As Katharine Searle says, "it is above all a play of language. It is packed with the strange, rich imagery and original conceits of the Irish, even in the little speeches by the least of the characters."

Every detail of scenery designing and painting, stage setting, properties, lighting, make-up and costumes are worked out by the students themselves, in the five weeks' course. The entire course is conducted according to the practical workshop method, the students being divided into several small groups to permit of intensive individual training.

Among the students of the school are graduates of several New England and New York colleges, prominent club women, trained nurses, and young business men and women eager to get into genuine touch with the drama world.

Miss Joy Higgins, who is a marvelously active and discriminating young person, is herself, gifted with dramatic ability of no ordinary kind. She has a personality that directs and inspires her students and associates. For instance, she puts Beethoven, Chopin, Grieg into their five finger exercises, so that drab turns gold. Celtic, of course, else she couldn't do it . . . father and mother were Irish and she is Irish, too!

Born on the plains of northwest Nebraska, U. S. A., she grew up in that western life. When the Omaha Social Settlement Association started pioneer dramatic work among the Syrians and Czecho-Slovaks, Joy Higgins assisted Miss Mary Wallace in establishing this work and for seven years they kept a playing group together, producing everything from Shakespeare to modern farce—but mostly they clung to the classics in those high-brow, pre-war years and succeeded. She was a member of the Players' Club, studied for seven years in the little theatre group under Lloyd Ingram, worked in Chicago and on the Western Chatauqua circuit.

Boston's rather lucky—Joy Higgins sees the whole country doing the job Boston is working on, banding together for better community drama and for good leadership.

* * *

MRS. Edwin Holt James of Boston, who is serving on the dramatic committee of Community Service, (Continued on page 58)

The Programme of Fashion

By Pauline Morgan



DOROTHY DICKSON charms the world anew, with her smart new frocks from Peggy Hoyt

Edward Thayer Monroe



A GIRLISH afternoon frock of gray charmeuse, distinguished with hand made clusters of wistaria; this delicate suggestion is repeated in the lining of the sash, and in the wreath of the little poke bonnet. A dainty bib of Mechlin lace decorates the bodice

For almost any occasion is the smart black taffeta frock brocaded in tiny flowers, and made with a full skirt over a short narrow foundation. Black lace edges the tunic, sleeves and neck, and again appears on the quaint sash studded with jet cabochons

Very Spanish—very beguiling is Miss Dickson's restaurant gown of black crêpe de Chine with irregular rows of deep fringe on the skirt—a plain little bodice, and an exotic black shawl dripping with fringes. A brilliant touch of jade in the hat repeats the coloring of the earrings





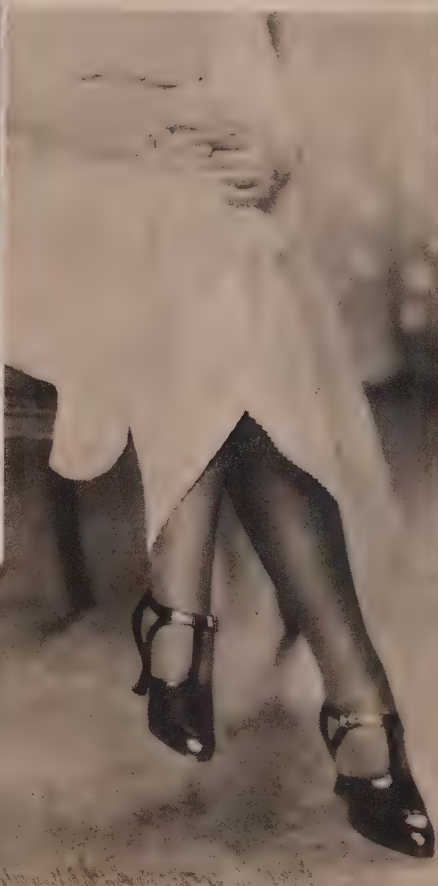
Ira Hill Studio

Above is shown a gracefully lined black satin slipper, and a gray brocade on black with a cut steel buckle

Models from Henning's



Comfort and style combine in a fascinating two strapped walking shoe done in brown leather with fawn suede uppers



An afternoon shoe of black and white patent leather combined in aristocratic manner and lines to make the foot look small



FLORENCE SHIRLEY, pleasantly remembered as the flirtatious widow of "Apple Blossoms" permits a view of her famous feet in smart new slippers and pumps. Miss Shirley will return shortly to Broadway in a new comedy rôle

The very newest sandal in patent leather with medium heel and modified French toe. One tiny buckle fastens at the side. To the left is introduced a nobby white canvas sport shoe, with slightly squared toe, and trimmed in patent leather. The mules to the right are fashioned in black satin



A winsome dancing frock of mauve chiffon with petal skirt and a tight fitting basque of mauve taffeta in long waisted effect. A flower ornament of fringe and long streamers of violet velvet ribbons provide a chic accent of color



**TALLULAH
BANKHEAD**

who plays so cleverly the part of a "catty" woman in "Nice People" selects proper gowns to frame her blonde beauty

Ira Hill Studio



*Models from
Hickson's*



The apron makes the frock! A chemise gown of tea rose charmeuse slips over the head and waist for the adjustable apron to fasten about the waist; it is festooned with fat red roses and trimmed around and about with cream lace

Hickson makes this black taffeta in old fashioned style, with full skirt and wide shirred taffeta bands. The plain bodice has short set-in sleeves and V-neck finished with cream net which continues half way about the waist and then becomes wide revers on the skirt. A hat of pleated lavender tulle completes the costume

Through the

By
PAULINE MORGAN

NEMESIS—

Olive Tell as the ill-fated wife in this absorbing drama is beautiful to look upon, but unfortunately throughout the play she is persecuted by the goddess of chastisement and vengeance. Her gowns, all Lucile creations, will be copied by women in private life for they are too luscious for words. The first act curtain rises on a drawing room scene showing several evening gowns which had all the delightful *finesse* and silhouette of a fashion drawing. Miss Tell wore a fascinating gown of deep-ivory satin—it is shown in the sketch—with a mysterious draping across the front and side only to be achieved by the hand of an artist. A gold and jeweled ornament with fringed ends swings from the corsage at the side, and the décolletage cut very low at the back, shows a Cavalier panel train. In the studio scene, Miss Tell's frock was a perfect model for the tea hour—pearl gray chiffon with a tunic of irregular outline, fringed deeply with gray, and all but reaching the floor at the sides. The shallow neckline was untrimmed, and the kimono sleeves repeated the gray fringe as a clever finish. With this costume was worn a small gray ribbon hat and a huge white fox scarf.

Of course, there was a negligée—one of Lucile's loveliest creations, all in gold net and mauve chiffon with a jeweled and flower trimmed corsage that gives such a graceful bustline. The contour of the figure is subtly defined through the foundation of net, with cloudy, clinging draperies of the chiffon.



JUSTINE JOHNSTON'S GOWNS—

Before sailing for Berlin, where we understand Miss Johnston is to produce a moving picture, we persuaded the beautiful Justine to allow us a glimpse of her extensive and very fashionable wardrobe. The numerous hat boxes and interesting articles of luggage were packed with the most ravishing things to wear, and we were amazed at the dozens of silken undergarments tucked away in one small bag. No, she doesn't wear a corset—only very full crepe de chine knickers and a satin brassiere; seldom a petticoat, unless it is made in one with the frock, or if worn separately it hangs in one slimsy piece from the shoulder. We have sketched two of the newest and smartest frocks, fresh from the house of Frances. They are clever suggestions for new spring time costumes. The three-piece suit is of thin woolen material in beige color, with the bodice portion and lining of the cape in black and white foulard. The collar scarf of the coat is most interesting and may be worn in a number of ways. A tiny hat of black satin and straw completes the outfit.

A one-piece gown of black meteor was divine—the drapery drawn to the side in flattering fashion with a loose panel back tucking under the lower edge of the skirt. The feature, however, of this lovely creation was the sleeve and collar! The former was fashioned in wide twists, showing the bare arm at intervals ending in a cuff as subtle as the flip of a humming bird's wing. The wide collar fastened with scarlet scarabs, with this brilliant ornamentation repeated in the narrow girdle. The satin turban drooped to one side with shadowy black feathers of the barnyard variety made yet more alluring with a sweeping peacock feather.



Opera Glass

CLAIR DE LUNE—

On this truly epocal occasion with John and Ethel Barrymore appearing together, society and the professional world turned out in stunning regalia to enjoy the play and the costumes—Court costumes designed with prodigal hand by Helen Dryden! One of the most beautiful costumes worn by Miss Barrymore as the Queen is shown in the sketch, featuring wonderful sleeves of white tulle which blend and swirl into lily cuffs of huge dimensions. Plastrons of pearls decorate the much distended white satin skirt and the swan-like movement of the costume was emphasized by a tiny, chic chapeau with long drooping ostrich feathers of snowy whiteness. The only spot of color was introduced in the antique earrings and necklace of brilliant sapphires!

And the gowns worn by Miss Cooper as the Duchess were equally entrancing. An exclamation of satisfied admiration greeted her entrance in the black velvet costume, which we have sketched. Attached to the sides of the long, bouffant skirt were airy, wing-like panniers of black tulle encrusted with black paillettes, and the bodice, long pointed and tight fitting. Set on either side of the brow, banded in black velvet were two raven wings, tapering flat against the fair hair, and extending several inches beyond the head. In the disrobing scene, this enchanting costume was removed, along with the striped silk corset which fastened at the side, and a sheath robe of amber brocade chiffon hung in mediæval silhouette. Scarlet slippers with high backs covered the stockingless feet.



TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE—

This captivating musical play is a riot of smart costumes, pretty girls and a peppy chorus—we really didn't anticipate such a pageantry of fashion! The "two little girls in blue" are the Fairbanks twins, and they are as dainty as bits of Dresden china; in demure frocks of taffeta most of the time—very full skirts with flutings of taffeta in horizontal bands and wee bodices, close fitting and made off the shoulder. The entire gown made over a petticoat of lace. Inasmuch as the wrap is the *piece de résistance* of the season in the fashion world, we have sketched the coats worn by the twins in the last act. They are of sapphire blue duvetyn with ivory broadcloth tufted in black and white wool to simulate ermine. Throughout the play we marveled at the beautiful fabrics, the lovely color combinations, and the original manner of wearing veils and other chic accessories. For instance, in one act the chorus wears immense chiffon veils entirely covering small hats, caught under the brim at the back, and allowed to float to below the hip in the design of a cape.

In the last act, when the steamship is anchored off the Indian shore, we were treated to a vision of what constitutes fashion that mysterious and picturesque country; faintly we could trace the inspiration of great couturiers like Poiret and Callot, and we realized the great possibilities in modern adaptations! The swirling full skirt, long and transparent so that the contour of the body is delicately outlined, emphasized a persistent vogue that has become daily more entrancing. Turbans wrapped in gold cloth with narrow bands of jade green or bright orange introduce a fashion that is very popular at the moment in Paris.





Photographs by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

(Above)

The north light of the studio which formed this complete wall has been transformed by a wall of Italian stone finish and a beautiful stained glass window, through which fall mellow lights of many colors. This window was copied from one which Miss Murray admired in Italy last summer. Its graceful drapery is of Venetian blue brocaded velvet. At either side of the bench below are concealed radiators and the little balcony windows look out from the gymnasium.

(Right)

From the upper hall there is a little balcony overlooking the living room and from this hall open the doors of the bedrooms and the gymnasium. The ceiling is painted a light Venetian blue with the beams decorated in polychrome. A delightful color grouping is formed by the deep blue vase, the soft turquoise silk over the piano and the dull orange velvet seat of the little chair. This room has a color scheme now riotous and joyful, now mellow and soft in the changing lights, like a dance of many emotions.

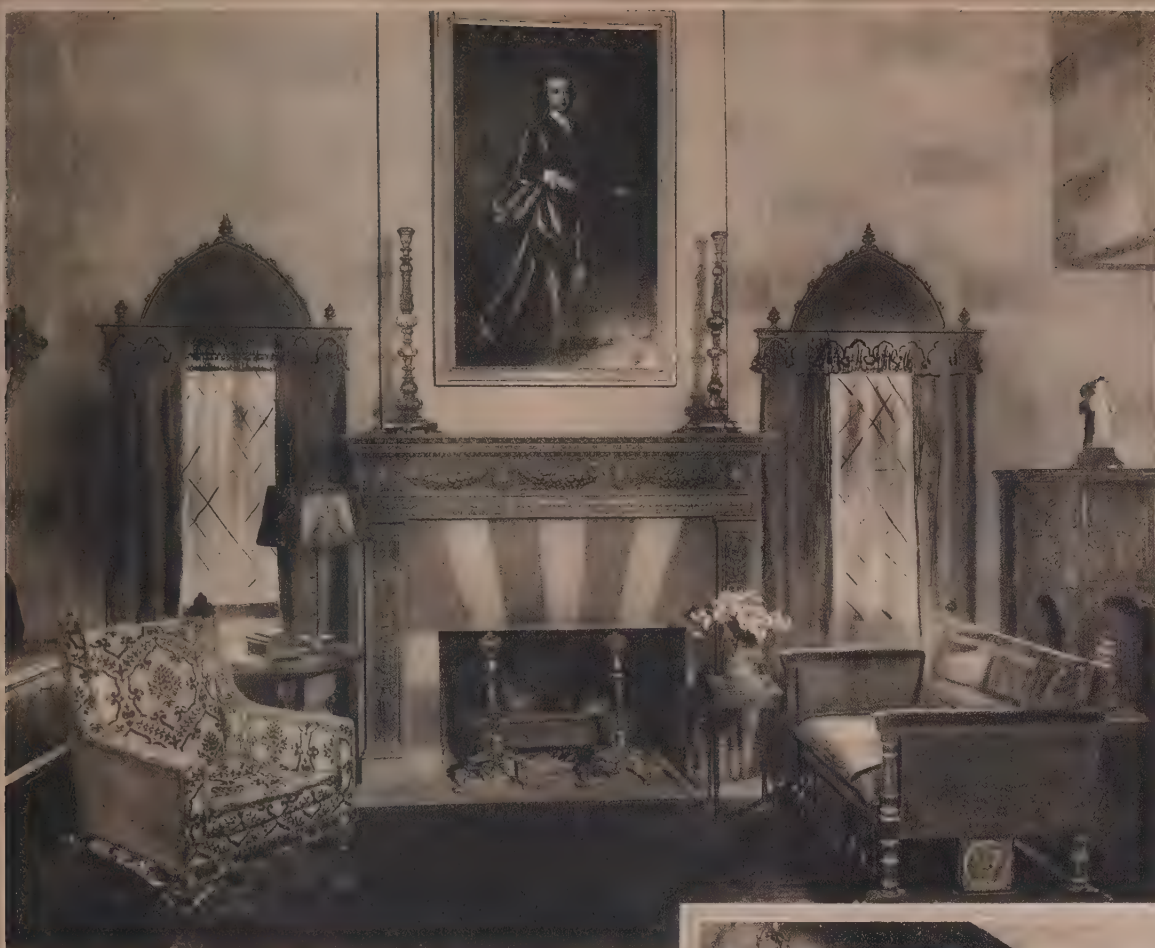


GLIMPSES FROM MAE

MURRAY'S NEW HOME

Interiors by Hampton Shops

HIGH above the city, in a studio overlooking Central Park, is this interesting home of Mae Murray. It reflects in its color harmony and fine balance the same artistic features which have characterized her pictures. From Italy came not only beautiful old fabrics and furniture but also the inspiration for the color schemes and architectural background of these interiors



The fireplace with its mantle treated in polychrome, as old Istrian stone, forms the center of interest of the east wall. Through leaded windows on either side one looks over the park and across the city. These windows are hung with Venetian blue velvet from Gothic cornices of carved and gilded wood. At the right is a beautiful old Renaissance carved and polychromed credence, its carved saints and angels now guarding a fine instrument for reproducing music.

(Below)

A Handel lamp, classic in its beauty and simplicity of line, lights this interesting corner.



The entrance hall has walls of an early stucco treatment and floor of black and green marble blocks alternating with deep ivory toned marble. The carved chairs and credence shown in the illustration are balanced on the opposite side by a fine old Gothic choir-stall of carved oak and a wall hanging of seventeenth century red velvet. Wrought iron gates open into the living room and into the sunny breakfast room.



For Summer Hours

By ANGELINA

DURING the week that "Man, Woman, Marriage" was being shown at The Strand, one of my little friends, by name of Sammy, and by way of being very young, came to me in great excitement.

"Oh, Angelina," he cried, "*don't* you know Dorothy Phillips? I saw her on the screen for the first time last night, and I think she's a wonder. I do wish I could meet her! Could you . . . couldn't you possibly . . ."

I said I wasn't sure whether I "*could*" . . . "*couldn't* possibly" . . . but I thought it *might* be arranged. I knew Miss Phillips for the greatest dear, and perhaps we might induce her . . . One small item, though, was rather important, and that was that she should happen to be in town.

But we were in luck. Miss Phillips had come on from the coast to be present at the first showing of her picture and for one thing and another. . . . and "if we would make it Thursday, she would be very happy to accept our invitation."

So Sammy and I picked her up at her hotel and took her over to Henri's new place on

Forty-sixth Street. I won't go into Sammy's somewhat tongue-tied ecstasy. It was plain to any idiot that he found Miss Phillips off the screen just as thrilling as on. And she was looking particularly lovely that afternoon in all-brown, frock and accessories. When she glanced at Sammy from out her thick-lashed gray eyes, in his own parlance, he "went right up and hit the ceiling."

And it was well that he was so completely satisfied with the occasion "*as was*," for after a short space, Miss Phillips and I began to talk business, that is to say clothes, and completely ignored him.

Miss Phillips wanted new frocks for her next picture and asked if I had any suggestions about where to get them. Immediately I suggested "Betty Wales." The Betty Wales frocks are just made for Miss Phillips' type, and if I took her to headquarters we could have special attention and see the very latest models No sooner said than done.

* * *

And now you think I am going to say that

if you will only cast your eye at the top of the page you may see such frocks as Miss Phillips ordered. No . . . wrong . . . For *those* frocks you will have to see Miss Phillips' next picture. I am not going to give her away ahead of time.

The frocks sketched above are four other Betty Wales' I saw and was fetched with, each one a particular type. Reading from left to right, then; there is the altogether adorable frock of blue crêpe de chine with its guimpe of gayly flowered georgette, and the new note of its puffed elbow sleeve. Next the dress of all white canton crepe with its blue-and-white, polka-dotted sash, whose deep fringe hangs sophisticatedly below the edge of the skirt. An ideal frock for the seashore!

In the centre—for warm days—the crispest and smartest of organdies, with "saw-toothed" trimming made of the organdie itself. Fourthly, a practical and *chic* little model of colored cotton homespun (the one we saw was of bright green, but it comes in several shades), over white, with white silk braid and white-covered rings.

Sunnisilk

— the New filigree glove silk for Underwear

*I*T IS like nothing else you've ever seen, this newest and most daring of silken weaves! Sunnisilk is Vanity Fair's own idea, as original and interesting as the Pettibocker, the Vanties and other creations.

It is difficult to describe Sunnisilk. We might tell you of its airy, open stitch which defies the highest of temperatures! Of the ripply, wavy weave catching light and shadow as it undulates. Its delicate filigree design—the light touch of the master craftsman in silk.

But not one of these would give you the faintest conception of how truly beautiful Sunnisilk is.

Nor of how cool it can be without being flimsy and perishable. For, you know, Sunnisilk is not a drop-stitch weave, airy, but weakened by threads omitted. There are quite as many threads in Sunnisilk as in Vanity Fair's regular glove-silk and it is equally strong.

But, there—you must see it yourself. Write us and we will send you a sample square of it or ask at your favorite shop for Vanity Fair's Sunnisilk in Vests, Knickers, Vanties and Step-Ins. The colors include Pink, White, Peach, Coral, Turquoise and Orchid.

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SILK UNDERWEAR



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HENNING



"Toujours Charmante"



THE French have a saying that a woman who has beautiful feet and a lovely speaking voice will be "always charming." For even when her face is no longer beautiful, men will sit at her pretty feet and listen to what her golden voice is saying.



Beautiful feet, whether they belong to young women—or to women not so young—must have beautiful shoes to wear. What better could they choose than a pair of high-heeled, dark blue kid shoes with blue suede inlay. These may be had also in black suede with blue kid inlay; or in beige with champagne kid inlay; or patent leather with black satin inlay.



And what could better set off a slender arched foot than a pair of sandal-cut shoes of black satin with patent leather inlays?

There is charm and grace in every line of a pair of sandal-cut high-heeled shoes that may be had in patent leather, black satin, or silver cloth.

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My Fashion Correspondence

By PAULINE MORGAN

Extracts from my correspondence with smart New York shops, who announce last minute fashion news



"The short wrapette is very much in vogue and will be worn throughout the summer—the sketch shows a chic little model of Kolinsky, fringed with tails. All of these short wraps simulate a cape effect, if not actually made with a cape, and have voluminous shawl collars. The two-skin scarf of sable or stone marten is the most popular choker, while the single scarf of silver fox, black, bisque or platinum dyed foxes are exceedingly fashionable."

A. Jaeckel & Co.



"We are sending you a sketch of our smartest model in a summer riding outfit—the coat is of opalescent tropical

weight homespun, with breeches of white wash gabardine. A sailor of black straw and black boots adds an effective contrast, made more dashing and youthful by the bright colored fore-in-hand worn with the white silk shirt. This habit can be copied in pongee, having a great advantage over linen which is not so cool, and rumples easily."

P. Nardi



"A street frock of champagne colored crêpe de Chine embroidered in peacock blue eyelet—a slip-on model is the newest garment in our shop. It is simplicity personified, made with an elbow-length sleeve, round neck and a narrow tie belt. The accessories worn with the frock constitute the style atmosphere—in the sketch is shown a smart fox scarf and one of the new felt hats of peacock blue, soft as satin, made gay with bright flowers. The new long-handled parasol is of sand color."

Bonwit Teller & Co.



"In reply to your request for last minute fashion news in our shop, we think our bathing suits offer several smart new features. Brown rubberized gingham is the trimming on the brown bengaline beach costume, with bag and cap of orange. The cape, without which no bathing outfit is really smart, is likewise of orange moire. The high bathing shoes are of orange turkish toweling, worn over half stockings. Bright parasols are a picturesque addition, but the real feature in parasols appear in delightful dress affairs edged with dripping beads or fringe."

B. Altman & Co.



For vigorous out-of-door sports
no hosiery is better than
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These garments shown in Minerva Knitting Book, Vol. VI. See below.



MINERVA YARNS

A

T quality shops you will find these famous yarns, in gorgeous color array—liberally sprinkled with the season's latest shades. And a bevy of the smartest creations in Summer things to knit are charmingly shown in the newest edition of

THE MINERVA KNITTING BOOK VOLUME VI.

Clear, simple directions for the making accompany every beautiful picture in the book. Sold where Minerva Yarns are sold. Priced at 30c. (By mail 35 cents—to Canada 40 cents.)



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These garments shown in Minerva Knitting Book, Vol. VI. See above.



The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

ON our unceasing round in quest of the stuff of which beauty is made we ran into a "scoop" at once informative and entertaining. We can't give you the names on this, because it would include you knowing that a certain little lady of the stage and screen has recently taken unto herself a husband. And that fact has not been given out officially so far . . .

The *jeunes mariés* flew over to Paris for a short honeymoon, and the little actress took advantage of the occasion to do some shopping for herself, escorted by a devoted and vastly interested partner. Of course, Paris couldn't be left without a visit to the favorite parfumeur . . . and here is where my story really commences.

For *chez le parfumeur*, after several choice essences, with powders and soaps to match, had been selected, the clerk, seeing them, "male and female," so "*joliment bien ensemble*," brought forth what he claimed to be a wonderful *eau de toilette*, an *eau de toilette* with a double mission, so to speak just created for young married people. Madame and Monsieur equally would find it indispensable, once they had tried it. It was for the *bains* of each, delightful, invigorating, to be used like bath salts—one, two drops in the tub was enough. And then it was for Monsieur after shaving. And it was for Madame for massage and for a headache. And again, it was for the handkerchiefs of both, if they so wished. It was composed of the essences of choice fruits and flowers, and no smart French *ménage* would ever be without it.

"He was so convincing in his enthusiasm," recounted the little actress, "that Henry said he made the toilet water seem almost like a talisman, a magic philtre, as if, if we kept a bottle in common in the house, nothing could ever come between us.

"So we said we'd give the smallest size a try and if we liked it we'd come back for more. The bottles were frightfully smart, anyway; a flat, rectangular shape, simple, but clever . . .

"Well, we did fall for the toilet water. After we'd had it around for a few days we agreed to all that had been said about it. Besides softening and perfuming the bath water, itself, it left a delicious fragrance lingering on one's skin and in the bathroom. And I found that it was splendid for freshening up my face when I came in late and tired, for dinner. And Henry discovered that it stopped a miserable trick he has of sneezing all over the place when he gets up in the morning.

"So naturally, he went back for more the day before we sailed and returned with the largest size bottle, about a foot high, as we never imagined we should be able to get any over here. We carried that thing all the way by hand, we were so afraid it would get broken and took as precious care of it as if it were a baby. Every time the steward looked at it, we knew the price of his tip went up, the bottle is so *distingué* and imposing and makes you look like a million dollars . . . And do you know, that after we had arrived and had brought forth our acquisition to show, and displayed it with the greatest pride, and boasted of how wonderful it was, and how exclusive our possession . . . a horrid friend-woman burst our bubble by announcing that you could get the identical thing right here on the spot in America. We found out she was perfectly right, since the Paris firm making the toilet water takes good care to keep this country supplied with it as well. But I ask you, wasn't that an anti-climax!

"However," wound up the little actress, "that's nothing against the toilet water. We think it just as wonderful now as we did at first in Paris."

(For the name of the superlative imported French Toilet Water mentioned above, write The Vanity Box, THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th St., New York)

Army Nurses' Discovery Leads to Kotex For Women's Need

stidious women whose self-consciousness frequently affects their sense of mind, and whose sense of personal cleanliness is a vital factor in their daily lives, have welcomed with enthusiasm the coming of Kotex, a sanitary pad that has established a place distinctly its own as a result of the requirements of women.

The story of Kotex is quite interesting. It begins back in the war of 1917, when there was a great need in our army hospitals for a sanitary absorbent that would be even superior to cotton in many respects. Laboratories perfected Cellucotton and the Government at once adopted it. Thousands of tons were ordered for immediate delivery. American women who volunteered for services here made millions of packages out of Cellucotton, to be sent overseas. It was not long before we learned that our nurses in France had discovered a newer use for this absorbent—they were making sanitary pads of it for their personal use because even for this purpose, they found it far more satisfactory than ordinary cotton or birdseye.

Then, when war ended, we followed the suggestion of these nurses and we now offer you the very same sanitary pad that they liked so well. These pads have long tabs so the ends can be folded over and pinned. The absorbent part is nine inches long, three and a half inches wide and nearly an inch in thickness. They are made plenty thick, but if too large you can instantly make them thinner by lifting off a few layers.

Kotex are not only surprisingly comfortable, absorbent, economical and sanitary, but almost indispensable from a convenience view point because Kotex, when properly disposed of disintegrate in active water and can be thrown away without danger to plumbing.

Kotex is so well known that you need only mention that one word, "Kotex" to the clerk and you will be served instantly without embarrassing questions. Sold in plain cartons of 12 each, at the uniform price of 60 cents per box, at drug, dry goods and department stores.

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"Shooing Away" Freckles and Sunburn

In days gone by, the thought of the complexion being marred by sunstains, freckles and tan used to cause many women moments of great anxiety, since far into cold December they frequently could be found with summer's stains still disfiguring their skin.

How different it is today, when triumphant science knows how to weave a spell before which freckles and sunstains beat a retreat and by which a clear, diaphanous skin can be maintained through the whole season of summer sports pastimes.

Naturally, you are interested to know HOW?

The answer is: *By preventing them*, "shooing" them away, to use an apt homely expression.

You may shake your head and take a skeptical attitude until you read on and come upon the name of Madame Helena Rubinstein—a name synonymous with all that is most efficient and scientific in modern cultivation of facial beauty.

Your hesitancy now ceases, for you undoubtedly know from experience, or have heard from others, that Madame Rubinstein's world-known Valaze Beauty Preparations and Treatments have long been depended upon by the foremost women of the Theatre and Society here and in Europe—women who cannot afford to fool themselves; women who look upon their beauty not as a matter of vanity, but as a matter intimately connected with skin health.

Many as have been the contributions, which Madame Rubinstein, of London and Paris fame, has made to scientific beauty cultivation, few have been as astonishing as

Valaze Sunproof Cream

(known in France as *Crème Anti-Solaire*) which "sunproofs" the skin and prevents freckles, swarthy skin and severe sunburn.

Just reflect for a moment what this so simple a statement means:

You rub a little of this Sunproof Cream over your face, hands, arms or chest, and you may go out motoring, seabathing, yachting, golfing—you may spend hours on blazing tennis courts, and your skin will not present a picture of a crazy quilt of freckles—will remain unharmed by the exposure.

Valaze Sunproof Cream (at \$1.10, \$2.20 and up) is used for a skin that is normal or inclined to oiliness, while *Valaze Bain Rose* (at \$1.75, \$3.50 and up), a preparation of the same type, for dry skins. Both are excellent foundations for powder.

It should be remembered that these two exclusive specialties do not remove freckles or discoloration. Their purpose is to prevent them. To remove freckles, sallowness and sunburn, Madame Rubinstein supplies her universally known

Valaze Beautifying Skin Food

which gradually dispels the freckle pigment and discoloration and is an unequalled support of that health-bringing and clarifying skin action, without which no woman's complexion can subsist in true beauty. It is, therefore, essential to all seasons of the year. In jars at \$1.25, \$2.50 and \$7.00.

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(*Boite dorée*), a rich "humanized" fruit hue, luscious, limpid, lasting—betraying no artificiality. \$2.00. This identical quality in a more elaborate container. \$6.50.

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Madame Rubinstein has made a special study of powders and is the only specialist who supplies face powders for various skin conditions: Valaze Complexion Powder for normal and oily skin and Novena Poudre for dry skin. At \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$5.50 a box. Also Poudre No. 3,

which is not to be used for the whole face, but only for such parts of it as are inclined to be red, glossy or "shiny," as the nose and chin, the whole face then to be powdered over with the ordinary powder, \$1.50.

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An outdoor cream ensuring wonderful adhesion of powder: for normal or somewhat oily skins. Price \$1.10, \$2.20 and up.

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Another outdoor cream for dry skins. Price \$1.50, \$3.00 and \$5.50.

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An opportunity should never be missed to consult Mme. Rubinstein regarding her wonderful treatments for every conceivable blemish or undesirable condition of the complexion.

Mme. Rubinstein will gladly answer any inquiry as to her specialties. When ordering, add war tax of four cents on the dollar and pro rata.

For points west of Mississippi River prices are 5% higher, in Canada plus duty and exchange.

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Community Dramatics

(Continued from page 44)

of which Professor George P. Baker is chairman, has spent practically a life time in the study and promotion of community drama.

As a significant example of what may be done for the art, single-handed, Mrs. James' work has points of definite value and suggestion, and decided public interest. It is not too much to say that the whole of Boston is her debtor.

Years ago, when the thing wasn't done at all, Mrs. James volunteered her services as a reader to the libraries of Greater Boston and various Massachusetts towns, and sustained this work without a pause for more than fifteen years. Selecting in her program of reading, chiefly plays—and always plays of distinction—she interprets them with a rare sense of appreciation, sympathy and dramatic skill. Mr. Drinkwater's "Lincoln" has been on her program this past season and has been much called for by historical societies, library staffs and clubs.

Before her marriage to Edwin Holt James, nephew of Henry James and William James, Mrs. James, as Miss Cushing, daughter of Robert

Cushing, was actively interested in amateur dramatics. The Cushing household was, in fact, a workshop theatre, a centre of discriminating intelligent and artistic interest and activity in the drama. Back in the eighteen-seventies and eighties, members of the Cushing family and their friends gave a series of successful amateur plays in behalf of public causes. Certain of the foundation stones of Ellis Memorial were laid with the proceeds derived from these plays. French plays were then much in demand. Like the majority of members of old Boston families, Robert Cushing's children were taught French from the cradle, and also studied in Paris. Some years after her marriage, Mrs. James resided with her family in Paris and made a practice of reading French plays to groups of American students and English plays to French students. Upon her return to Boston she offered her services for public readings of plays. Now in her stately and beautiful home on Mount Vernon Street, Beacon Hill, Mrs. James continues to keep open house to workers and lovers of community drama.

DRAMATICS AT ST. MARK'S SCHOOL

(Continued from page 43)

formation to the severer picture of Petruchio's house was managed by removing all the garden furnishings, rearranging the orange-colored draperies in the arches, setting up a fireplace before the left entrance, and disposing two antique Italian chairs and a table in the room.

FURTHER variety was obtained through lighting. The first half of the fourth act was played as a night scene, the illumination consisting of moonlight falling through the lunette-shaped window at the rear, presently increased by candles on the table and mantel, and by red light from the fireplace. The fifth act was lighted by a dozen or more lanterns of various shapes and hues, that lent the garden a much more romantic tone than it had previously worn.

All of the scenery was executed by four boys in the School, two of whom were geniuses as carpenters, and two more of whom were equally resourceful with paint brushes. Two others managed the electric wiring, and still another two attended expeditiously to the changes of setting. In this way, "The Taming of the Shrew," was more completely a production by the students, themselves, than anything hitherto attempted in the School.

Snatches of music were introduced. Grumio, Biondello, and Lucentio closed Act I with an old Elizabethan air, *Three Merry Men Be We*. A stringed quartette off-stage plucked out a vivacious rendering of *Amaryllis*, for the wedding procession in Act III. Petruchio, in Act IV, roared forth the familiar melody for *I Am a Friar in Orders Gray*.

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

(Continued from page 42)

Last year, members assisted Miss Clarke of the Americanization centre in programs among the foreign groups. This year one student coached the play, "The Double Tenth," given by Chinese students and acted by them in Chinese manner, for the Famine Relief Fund. These teachers plan to organize dramatic centres in the state in the rural districts and develop the movement for rural community theatres.

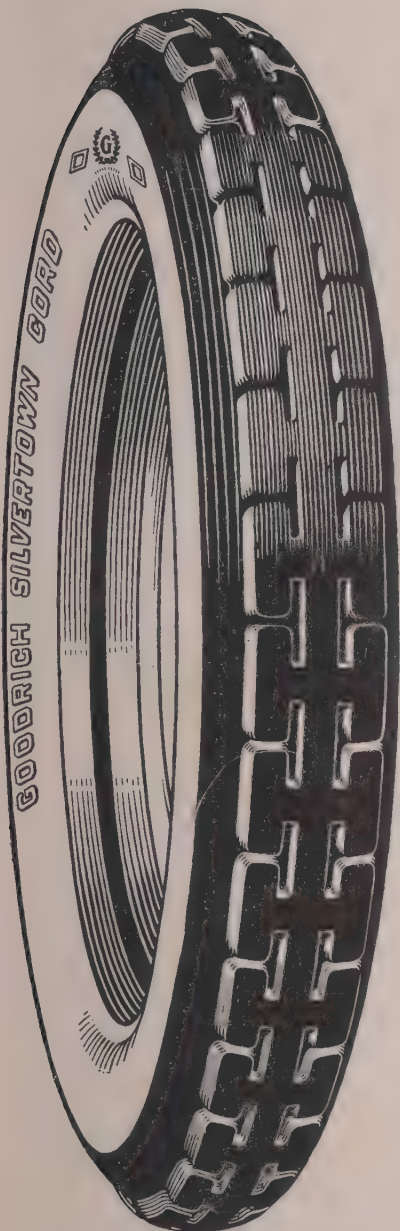
In the building plan of the University is provision another year for

a model little Theatre. This will have seating capacity for 750. A model stage with Kuppel Horizont and full electrical equipment will be provided. Sixteen laboratory rooms are to be there for experiments in the theatre Arts. Even a theatre green room and library will be included. It is hoped that this University Little Theatre will so function as to be the playhouse and experiment centre for not only the community but the entire State as well.

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MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 30)

all his funny points with an utter quietness and lack of effort that might be commendably initiated by others in the cast. And he speaks his lines with such an air of casualness and spontaneity as to make you think they are his own—and not unlikely, some of them are. His simulation of intoxication, the kind that is fitly described as "all lit up," is most delectable. He is joyous and generous, and always a gentleman. He is inimitable from start to finish, and bears off many of the laurels which generally are supposed to go to the star.

Vivian Martin, blonde, petite, pretty and appealing, is the star, chiefly by right of what she has done in film land; and she plays her part, also quietly and thus effectively; and graciously refrains from any attempt to appropriate honors which do not belong to her.

Dorothy Mortimer is the bride who has just been married and who is continually letting the cat out of the bag by talking, "not too much, but to too many people." She gives a good example of what too many women do.

Jess Dandy was excellent as Mr. U. Makepeace Witter. Several of the other players, including Miss Gergely, Miss O'Madigan and especially Mr. Pratt seem to think that loud and fast talking is the great desideratum in farce. We put the question to them—is it?

There is enough fun in "Just Married," to make it a popular summer success.

LONGACRE. "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE." Comedy by William Shakespeare. Produced April 26, with this cast:

THIS production of "The Merchant of Venice," does not call for any extended comment. It was entirely unpretentious as to scenery, costumes and accessories, and almost entirely lacking in distinction in the acting. It impresses forcibly on the mind of the thoughtful auditor the fact that present day methods of theatrical training take little account of the preparation necessary for even a fairly adequate assumption of a Shakespearean rôle.

PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS. Triple bill. Presented April 25.

OF the three one-act plays on the sixth and last bill of the season of the Provincetown Players, Eugene O'Neill's "The Moon of the Caribbees" is by far the best. It is an intense and poignant chunk out of life, a cruel, sordid, frustrate chunk of life. Broken, battered seamen, knowing only the ugliness of living and none of its beauty, have a wine, woman and song debauch on the deck of a British tramp steamer,

while Smitty, the "Duke," once a gentleman, nauseated by the men's revelings with West Indian negresses, and the sensuous native music, drowns his memories and bitter thoughts in liquor. Swift-moving, intense, daring, O'Neill's little masterpiece is well presented by the Provincetown players.

"Trifles," by Susan Glaspell, more or less well known to patrons of little theatres, is also introduced in an able way by this company.

The one weak spot in the program is "Grotesques," by Cloyd Head, a hodge-podge of pedantry and would-be effective color design, poorly written, and still more poorly played—if that is possible.

BRAMHALL. "THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD." Play in three acts, by John Millington Synge. Produced on April 22 with this cast:

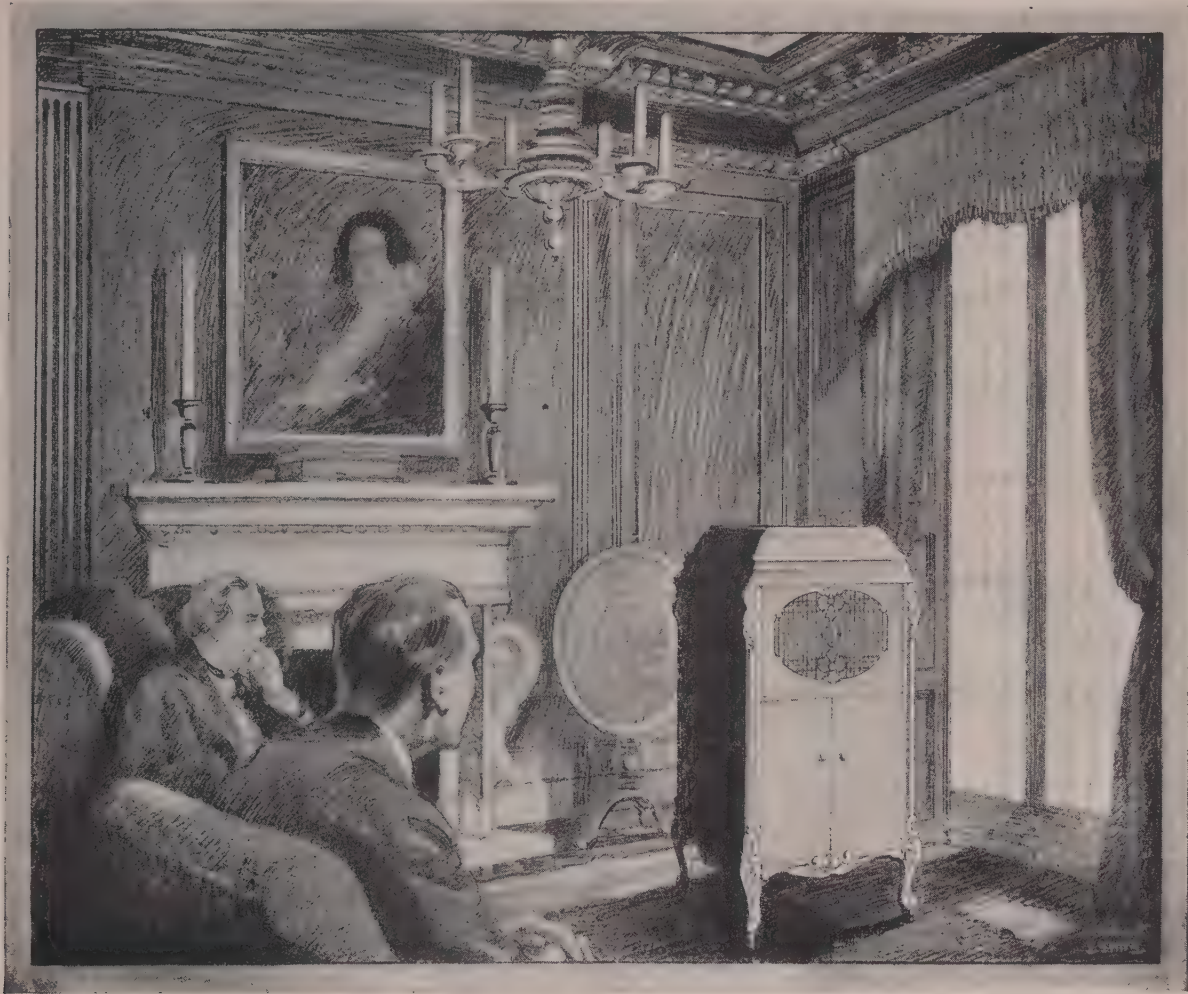
Margaret Flaherty,	Pegeen Mike	Gladys Hurlbut
Shawn Keogh	F. S. Pelly	
Michael James Flaherty	Walter Edwin	
Jimnie Farrell	John Carmody	
Phillip Cullen	Harry O'Neill	
Christopher Mahon	Thomas Mitchell	
Widow Quin	Rose Morison	
Sara Tansey	Sara Enright	
Susan Brady	Helen Hutchins	
Honor Blake	Elaine Ivana	
Old Mahon	J. S. Crawley	

AMONG the many old theatrical dishes served by the non-professional players of New York, one of the choicest was Synge's, "The Playboy of the Western World," recently revived at the Bramhall Playhouse. This searching, yet withal loving, delineation of Irish character aroused the noisy protests of some of our Irish citizens when it was first given here some years ago, but the present performance jogs along peacefully enough in the diminutive playhouse in Twenty-Seventh Street, where Synge's entertaining and satirical melodrama is unfolded before small and appreciative audiences without danger of setting the town on fire.

The chief burdens of the piece rest upon Thomas Mitchell, as the handsome young scoundrel, whose bloody boasting works such havoc with the feminine hearts of the village—and he gives, on the whole, a very creditable performance. He's a lovable rascal and quite Hibernian. Unfortunately, as much cannot be said of Gladys Hurlbut as the fiery Pegeen. She struggled bravely with a part which demanded more than she could give. The minor rôles were more or less skillfully played—generally more, but special commendation should go to Rose Morison for her excellent impersonation of the Widow Quin—a finished and finely wrought portrait, and the brightest spot in the performance. The production was under the direction of Walter Edwin, who did an excellent piece of work.

(Concluded on page 64)

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THE HEARTBREAK OF ACTING

(Continued from page 32)

their success but the distinguishing character of them all was this woman's extraordinary personality in them. She left you wondering where she gathered all the depths and the comedy of her moods. Clearly she must live in a sort of liquid fire of absorption, devouring the emotional possibilities of life with tireless energy.

When she said that her favorite plays were "Mid-Channel" and "The Twelve Pound Look," there was an inclination to probe this confession. Why not the problem plays of Ibsen, why not Shakespeare, why not the frank sex appeal?

"I can't make Hedda Gabler out," she said frankly, "she was neurotic of course, but I never could quite understand her. Could she have understood herself, do you think?"

"As to Shakespeare, I should like to play the two most opposite parts of them all—'Rosalind,' and 'Lady Macbeth.' The latter was not a scolding virago, to my mind, she was a sensuous, attractive woman who controlled Macbeth through sex. Viola does not attract me, she was too inconsistently sweet all the time. Then I don't believe that Shakespeare should be spoken as if Pinero or Barrie had written the plays. Of course, my ambition is to appear in

a play some day with my two brothers, Lionel and John, but that is a future dream." A dream almost realized in the present play, "Clair de Lune." Perhaps in "Camille" she epitomized the quality that helps to explain the mystery of her personality, which has nothing to do with the cold analysis of technique.

"Camille," she said, "is the kind of play that sinks into the hearts of women. It stirs in them the deepest tenderness of feeling. It is one of those plays that lingers for days after it has been seen, because it has the haunting element of music. You know music, like pictures, inspires imagination. Most plays do not do so, to the extent that one is comforted by their stimulus. But, there are plays that wrap you round in the soft, soothing, glowing element of dreams. 'Camille' is one of that sort. I suffered gloriously in it, I wept happily. Oh yes, tears are just as much a part of a woman's happiness as laughter. The prevailing appeal of 'Camille' to women is its tearful one. I liked to see them crying in the audience because then I knew they were enjoying themselves, just as I was.

"'Camille' should be enough for a day or two, people should choose Saturday night to see it, so that they

(Concluded on page 64)

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE

(Concluded from page 10)

failed to move or interest us. Of the dignity he brought to Hamlet we found not a trace, nor was he eloquent. By the accident of a most unfortunately cut wig and several clumsy costumes there was a constant comic suggestion in his performance which could hardly have been within his intent. Macbeth in a huge upstanding red wig and a white ankle-length nightgown, did little to establish a mood of horror."

Mr. John Ranken Towse, in the *New York Evening Post*, said: "It may be stated with confidence that it is, in many respects, the finest representation of 'Macbeth' that has been seen in this city or elsewhere since the death of Edwin Booth, and that the effect of it upon the memory of the late unfortunate experiment of Arthur Hopkins is that of complete obliteration. The success of it is peculiarly gratifying because—although in the production advantage has been taken of some of the best devices of the modern theatre—it is in the main the result of a return to some of the oldest and soundest traditions of the English-speaking stage and an abandonment of the absurd notion that Shakespeare, who lived and wrote 300 years ago, should

be treated exactly as if he was a contemporary dramatist. Mr. Hampden has now given us the best Hamlet and the best Macbeth of the present generation, and the achievement places him definitely and incontestably at the head of all living American tragedians. Moreover, the enthusiasm with which his personal performance was received and the instant recognition accorded to the general excellence of his support justify the hope that we may at last be on the eve of that revival of the standard literary and imaginative drama for which we have been so long and impatiently waiting. The occasion was one to bring encouragement and delight to all true lovers of the theatre. . . . It is paying it no exaggerated tribute to say that it recalled some of the best Shakespearean performances of half a century ago. It was finer than the 'Macbeth' given here by Henry Irving, because it had abler interpreters of the chief characters, and it is at best fully comparable with the memorable performance given by Booth, Barrett, and Modjeska. Among later revivals it is *facile princeps*."

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MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 64)

CENTURY. "THE LAST WALTZ." Operetta in three acts by Oscar Strauss. Book and lyrics by Harold Atteridge and Edward Delaney Dunn. Produced May 10, with this cast:

Gen. Miecuc Krasian	Clarence Harvey
Ensign Orsinski	Rex Carter
Capt. Kaminski	John V. Lowe
Lieut. Matlain	Ted Lorraine
Adj. Labinescue	Irving Rose
Mariette	Ruth Mills
Vladek	Timothy Daly
Lieut. Jack Merrington, U.S. N.	Walter Woolf
Mat Malthy	James Barton
Vera Lizaveta	Eleanor Painter
Countess Alexandrowna	Corpulisinski
	Florence Morrison
Annuschka	Beatrice Swanson
Hannuschka	Marcella Swanson
Petruschka	Gladys Walton
Babuschka	Eleanor Griffith
Baron Ippolitch	Harry Fender
Grand Duke Hubenstitch	George Evans
Carmenina	Isabel Rodriguez
Dancers	Giuran and Marguerite
Prince Paul	Harrison Brockbank
Chochette	Rena Manning
Lolo	Nan Rainsford
Sylvette	Helen Herendeen
Babette	Carolyn Reynolds
Francine	Jean Thomas
Zadie	Amelia Allen

IF for nothing else, I was pleased by the production of "The Last Waltz," because it brought back to the footlights that charming songstress, Eleanor Painter.

Strauss' new operetta may not be up to the standard of "The Chocolate Soldier," nor does it contain any tune that is likely to be as popular as *My Hero*, but his music is always pleasing. I regret, however, that too much persiflage was introduced and, no doubt, changed the atmosphere that made it so popular in Vienna.

Of course, James Barton, a recruit from the burlesque stage, was funny. He is a combination of Leon Errol and Fred Stone with some distinctly Barton touches added. Walter Woolf as Jack Merrington is a singer with a good voice and a fine stage presence.

If judged by its reception the first night, "The Last Waltz" spells success.

THE HEARTBREAK OF ACTING

(Concluded from page 62)

can rest on Sunday. It is the sort of play that should be followed by a day of rest, nothing should follow it. Duse, the great Italian tragedienne, never played the night following a performance of "Camille."

The mingling process of existence by which actresses live in two worlds of their own creation, the off-stage world, and the night life of emotion in the theatre, has always been a puzzling matter to the average prosaic people who cannot act. Ethel Barrymore appeared in "Mid-Channel" four months after the birth of her first baby. She explains her complex powers of amalgamation this way:

"I am a combination of an up-to-date and an old-fashioned mother," she said, "I think that in solving the modern mother question much of the good old-fashioned ideas must enter in." I listen to all the old-fashioned ideas of bringing up children with much more care than my modern doctor approves. His advice I am quite sure of. I can always get it, but the old-fashioned mother talk is

hard to find today, so I listen attentively when, by chance, I hear it in New York."

When she was just an obscure school girl labelled E. B., her hair was flaxen, her temperament placid, practical. Those were the days when compliments were a privilege, not a habit of every day talk. E. B. was destined to listen to many compliments in the course of her career, spoken in many tongues, but she always met them with a shy, wistful vein of humor. She has not changed. She spoke of her hair, which has caught some of the shadow of many emotions, as just "hair-color." In so imperfect a glance at all the fullness of her artistic years one goes back with special interest to the rather severe figure of the adolescent E. B. standing on the station platform with all her worldly goods in the little trunk beside her. No false vanities about her expectations for the stage, no ambitions that were at all extravagant. Just a little girl going to get her first taste of a job. W. W.

Dorothy Ward, the beautiful little importation from England for "Phoebe of Quality Street," the new musical comedy at the Shubert, tells us she brought over with her from London a plentiful supply of Valaze

Sun and Windproof Cream and Valaze Bleaching Cream. We told her she might have saved herself the trouble if she had known, since she can find these very preparations right her in New York City.

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it should be—for its pure and yet seductive grace is unexcelled by anything in music. Sophie Braslau's contribution this month, "Same Old, Dear Old Place" is a song in popular style. The melody of the song is simple, though it is surrounded with orchestral counter-melodies which lend it beauty and distinction.



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WILL THEY DO IT?

THE movement now seeking the restoration of the Blue Laws claims to be already organized in twenty-one states.

The opposition is organizing for a long campaign. The question is a live one.

What were the Blue Laws, really? Under what circumstances were they enacted? How did they work? How many are still on your statute books?

YE OLDEN BLUE LAWS

By GUSTAVUS MYERS

is the answer, and mighty good reading it is. It is \$2.00 at all booksellers. Published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

**THEY WILL
IF YOU DON'T WATCH THEM!**



*Just the Gown for Morning in
the Country Or At the Shore*

Blue for Monday
White for Sunday
Rose for any old day;
Navy and jade,
Leather or grey
For any day that you say!

The important question of what to slip on quickly and yet be smartly attired in the mornings while week-ending, or how to be appropriately frocked for afternoons when veranda visiting, is solved in our discovery of the Bramley Dress. It is wonderfully simple, with heaps of style, and oh! so youthful. Slips over the head, has the fashionable long bodiced cut, with sash ends starting at the sides which tie directly in the back in school-girl fashion. It comes in lovely shades of rose, copenhagen, orchid and buttercup French linen with contrasting pipings embroidered Chinese seal and because it has so many attractive features it is also made up in equally delightful colors in crêpe de Chine; Canton silk crêpe, etc. for more formal occasions.

One is relieved to know that such an adorable little gown can be folded so quickly into the over-night bag, ready with alluring features to descend to the breakfast room, and then on to the garden or tennis court. To have it all thought out what to put into the over-night bag on a moment's notice is quite an achievement, so we hasten to make a suggestion that will doubtless take root in your subconscious mind, ready for action. It saves time and money to have a sachet pad in the bottom of the bag, a petite box of your favorite powder, rouge and tooth paste, if it is not already equipped with the charming appointments characteristic of many bags. Then if one has a silken nightie, one of those exquisite *Entre Nous* negligees, and a fetching little Bramley frock with a soft crochet or felt sports hat, much indecision as to whether one shall go or not is saved! Some of our smartly gowned Broadway stars have discovered this little Bramley Dress, and have a half dozen or so in the various pastel shades to harmonize with the mood of the day.

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VACATION DAYS are coming, when changes of address usually reach us too late—and for this reason magazines are frequently lost in the mails.

Changes of address must be in our office before the 10th of the month. For example—for the August issue a change of address must be in before the 10th of July.

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DICKENS NEGLECTED, THACKERAY
DISREGARDED, AND STEVENSON,
MACAULEY, LAMB AND ALL THE
REST BECOME DUST-LADEN WHEN—

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come into your library. Here is the one complete record of the American Stage—the one publication devoted exclusively to the Art, the Literature, the Mechanics of the Drama.

There are thirty-two volumes from 1901 to 1920 inclusive. The cost for the set is \$190.00.

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is sent prepaid to us, plus \$6.00, will be taken in exchange for two new bound volumes (comprising the twelve issues of this year) completely indexed.

If you've loaned your Theatre Magazines and never got them back, these two bound volumes for 1920 will cost you \$10.00.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.
6 EAST 39th STREET
NEW YORK

The most dramatic, the most unconventional story of Ireland

Written in Ireland by William Hard

WILLIAM HARD was with Michael O'Callaghan, Sinn Fein leader of Limerick, the night before he was killed. Hard tells the most vital, most stirring story of Ireland thus far. You will get a different side of the Irish situation in this article from anything you have heard or read before. We sent a proof of this article to

Booth Tarkington

Here is what he wrote us: *"This is one of the most dramatic magazine articles ever written, I believe. And somehow, in spite of his naturally intense feeling, Mr. Hard contrives to remain, if not wholly impartial, at least wholly Christian in his understanding. The state of mind in which he has composed so tragic a narrative is as interesting as the dreadful thing he tells."*

We think you will agree with Mr. Tarkington when you read William Hard's article. Here is part of what Hard writes:

"At Exeter, in the southwest of England, I had recently sat in a large audience of people listening to a speech on Ireland by General Thomson. He had been in the British General Staff during the war against Germany, and had served as liaison officer between the British headquarters and the French headquarters in France. I remembered that the audience quite shook with astonishment when it learned from General Thomson the indisputable facts of the British Government's military method in Ireland. It had not known these facts. Learning them it was outraged by them. It was ashamed by them. That audience in Exeter, like every other British audience that I heard getting instructed by Labor Party or Liberal Party speakers on the nature of the war in Ireland, was first clearly taken aback by what it learned and then obviously sincerely distressed by it and indignant about it."

Then—of Michael O'Callaghan

"Michael O'Callaghan, Sinn Fein leader of Limerick, I said I would not forget you. I said it when you in answer could not any longer say anything to me. You lay in wrappings of rugs and blankets on the floor at the foot of the stairs in the hall of your house, all still.

"I tried to remember what you had said to me last on the night before. But out of that night before I could then hear nothing. I could only see the scene of it—as if back through a long, dark tunnel—a fixed, bright scene: you and your wife in the light from your fireplace—and in the light from being together—your lips parted in talk—in snatches of talk that kept twining together—a story of yours finished up by her—a sentence of hers carried on by you—each of you so quick to interrupt and so quick to yield—your voices altering so fast. But I could not hear your voices.

"Then in a moment I did hear hers. Out of the morning I heard it, with the sound of her hands beating on her body, and she was crying: 'They fired across me. I struggled all I could. They fired at him over my shoulder. I thought God would give me strength. I tried to get the bullets here—here—here. I tried. I tried.'"

But you will want the whole story. It is in June Metropolitan. 25 cents per copy. \$3.00 per year.

Metropolitan

H. J. Whigham, Publisher

432 Fourth Avenue, New York City

ON WITH THE PLAY!

By MAXSON FOXHALL JUDELL

THE Play BEGINS!

* * *

TELL ME NOT IN MOURNFUL NUMBERS—

Abe Bloom went into the grill at the Astor Hotel, picked up a bill-of-fare, and ordered everything from "soup to nuts." After he had ordered his sumptuous repast the waiter looked at him and said: "Rather an unusual order."

"I guess you don't remember me?" Abe asked.

"No, I don't," replied the waiter.

"Oh, what a dumbell you are! Don't you remember I was in here two weeks ago and I ordered a dinner like this and I didn't have the money to pay for it and you threw me out?" illustrated Abe.

"Oh yes, I remember now," said the waiter.

"I'm very sorry I got to trouble you again," continued Abe.

—BARNEY BERNARD

In the Theatre.

Politicians linger in the lobby.

Pugilists prefer the boxes.

Chiropodists are attracted by the footlights.

Second-story men seek the balcony.

Chinese actors never miss their cues.

Fat thespians are responsible for stage weights.

Aviators linger in the flies.

Palmists are interested in the stage-hands.

Gypsies make good scene shifters.

A real estate agent is a suitable property man.

A tailor is good at press work.

A progressive fellow is needed as advance agent.

"Angels" hover in the wings.

—LIFE

Some of the juvenile members of the "LIGHTNIN'" cast are getting a little bit old for the parts they were originally cast for, and are seriously thinking of taking up character work.

When I told IRVIN COBB recently that I had a sister of four and that my father of seventy-eight was doing well, COBB remarked, knowing my father [like COBB's ancestors] was from Vermont:

"It's a wonderful thing about Vermonters. They never forget what they learned in their youth."

—HOLBROOK BLINN

Some performers fill us with keen desire—never to see them again.

* * *

The line that separates comedy from farce is sometimes a clothes-line.

—HAROLD SETON

Help Wanted!

Now that Thomas A. Edison's some 77 odd questions to applicants for positions have become famous, we believe it is only fair that we tell the world of RING LARDNER's questions, a test which stumped us, even though we struggled through four years at college! Said Ring:

I will give you applicants a test on your literary, only I will make mine fair and equible namely if you can't answer the questions under the specified conditions why you are not only entitled to consider yourself abnormal but not only that but the first one that turns in a correct list of answers along with a affidavit signed by a notary republic that they didn't cheat, why I will give he or

she a prize of a suit of pajamas slightly rent in 1 locality and only 2 buttons missing out of a possible 8:

MUSIC

1—What's the ingredients of onion soup?
2—Who was the tenor in the Four Horsemen of the Apoplex?

RELIGION

1—What day do they have church?

ART

1—What makes some girls' eye brows lose so much flesh?
2—What kind of a tooth never decays?

HISTORY

1—What was Columbus' 1st name?
2—How many times did Willard miss his chair when he set down at Toledo?
3—What was gin?
4—What great general said love me and the world is mine?
5—What did beer taste like?

GEOGRAPHY

1—Who lives in St. Louis? Portland? Minneapolis?
2—Where do they still sell it?

POLITICS

1—Who is the present members of the Cabinet?
2—Why?
3—What does a vice-president think about?
4—What nationality ban janitors?

SCIENCE

1—Who invented the telephone?
2—Who crabbid it?
3—Who discovered raisins?
4—Why does maids take Thursdays off?

LITERATURE

1—What great American writer's initials is R. W. L.?

Through the Back Door!

The manager of an "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" company intentionally forgot to pay the members of the company their usual salaries—and "skipped" with all the money.

The players, as soon as they discovered the true situation, unleashed the blood-hounds used in the play and sent them on the trail of the missing manager.

The blood-hounds caught up with the manager, but the latter corralled them and formed a Number Two company of "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

Mr. Don Passes By!

Love, says the Poet, is a little outlaw . . . and it is true that love is seldom found among one's In-Laws.

* * *

If a woman of forty can't find Romance anywhere else, she will pick on her husband.

* * *

"Juggins is the most profane person I know."

"Yes?"

"You should have heard him speaking to a waiter yesterday for bringing him a stew with a hair in it."

"Well?"

"Why, his language was so frightful that the hair turned gray."

—DON MARQUIS

THE END OF THE Play!